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Rich Voy Beinecke's DREAM

Richard Mc Sweeney

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RICH VOY BEINECKE'S DREAM

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Unto Lineage Royal | Innkeeper's Fire (*Vol. 1 & 2*) | Hearing in the Write
Generations Reaching | A Jesus of Nazareth | Myriam of Lebanon

Of

A

Night

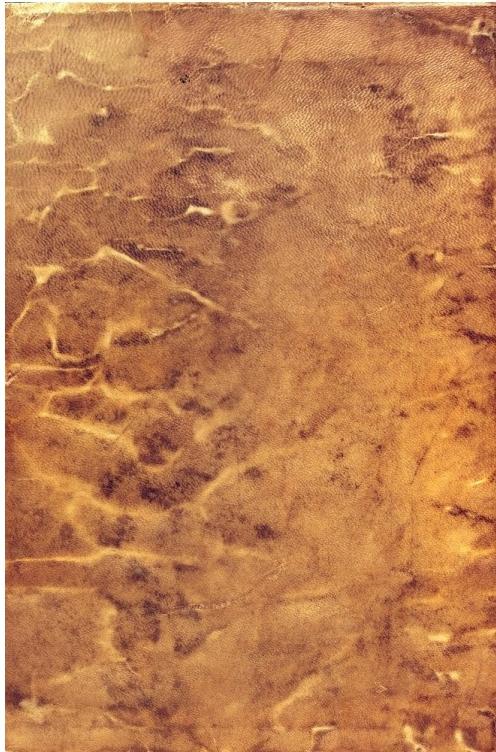
I, Rich Voy Beinecke am of a dream; a most unusual dream so it is. Fair hard it would for me to be to say what kind of dream it is.

Being in saying so, let me here attempt to expound it for you as it goes.

Imagine with seeing me out in front of you. I am strolling forward next to a horse: a brown palfrey. I am holding his bridle with my right hand. Next to me on my left is a golden hound. I am very handsomely dressed in attire that might have been worn

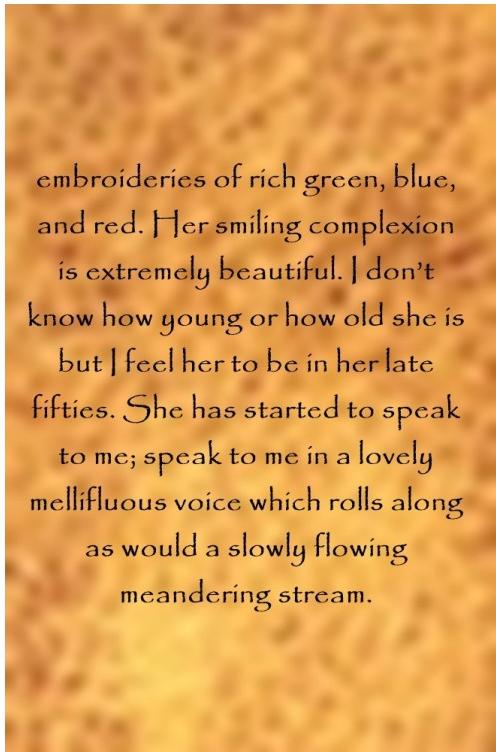
by a noble in say 15th century Germany, France or Italy. My wavy auburn hair is shoulder length. And when I will turn my head to the left you will see that I am of a light beard and moustache. In age, I imagine I am not more than thirty-five to thirty-eight. I feel my countenance is of great contentment and my disposition that of easygoingness; carefree. And in likeness of ease feel I too my horse and dog to be.

We are approaching what appears to be some kind of door. And with nearing it is it opening and we are entering into the there within.



What we are beholding before us
is a gorgeous sun-drenched late
spring to early summer
countryside. There are soft
gentle breezes. I am instantly
scenting as it were all at once
hundreds of fragrances.

We are taking to strolling into
this delightful world. Oh, but
now; to my surprise there is a
woman standing in a grove over
to our left! She is wearing a long
flowing peach to cream coloured
dress having in it exquisite

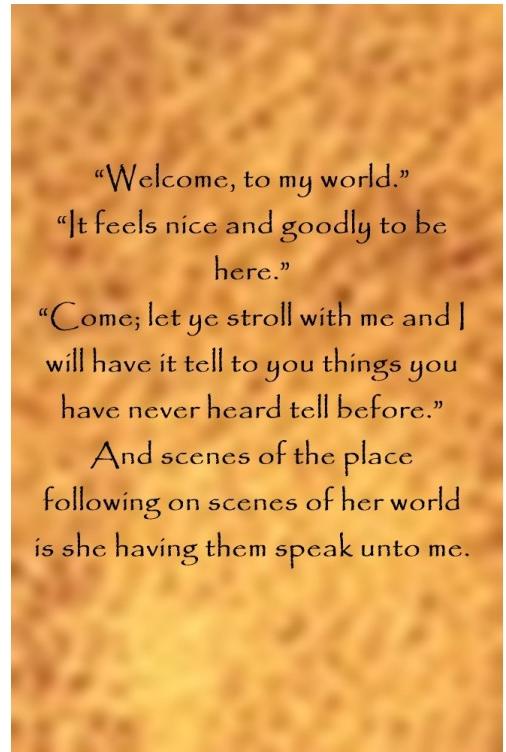


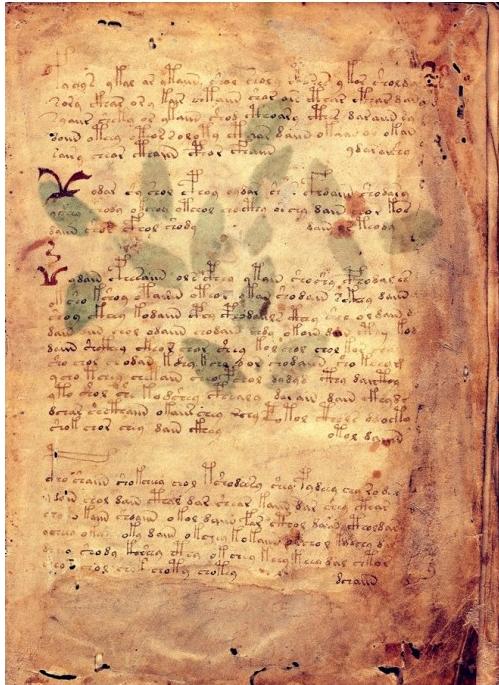
embroideries of rich green, blue,
and red. Her smiling complexion
is extremely beautiful. I don't
know how young or how old she is
but I feel her to be in her late
fifties. She has started to speak
to me; speak to me in a lovely
mellifluous voice which rolls along
as would a slowly flowing
meandering stream.

"Welcome, to my world."
"It feels nice and goodly to be
here."

"Come; let ye stroll with me and I
will have it tell to you things you
have never heard tell before."

And scenes of the place
following on scenes of her world
is she having them speak unto me.





Speaking She Scene: 1.

There is a place nowhere near to
there that won't feel the loss of
pain in turbulence found. Make
the bed of three fern fronds
basking in the sun drenched field
along by the meandering stream.
This is heavenly heaven for me
come what may.



Speaking She Scene: 2.

Once upon a time in the over
there future will you find a self
of yourself rolling in a field of
purple tinted hay. That day will
seem like a thousand of them all
gathered together in the palm of
your hand. Make haste and
don't be late for the spring
equinox will be aligning itself
with the patient birch.



Speaking She
Scene: 3.

The thing of a that has four legs
to seven arms. Suppose you will
be able to search in the
rainforest for the meteorite? It
has come; come it will and came it
was. Long furrows plough the
fields; will the vault of the dome
when synchronized?



Speaking She
Scene: 4.

Since the gone of a concept is
the beginning of utility we can be
friends of a kind. Stars make
haste when the day is at noon.
Sometimes when spring falls in
winter we can imagine the summer
and the autumn exchanging in
the same difference. Will
tomorrow be of sorrow pleasing
or displeasing pleasure
the new comfort be?



Speaking She Scene: 5.

Nothing melts ice like snow;
strangest thing I have ever come
to know. No need to know
nothing for everything is standing
by the gate peering at the
crescent moon. See to there in
the near over: a flying barge in the
setting of the rising new sun!
Blazing be the light when it is so
light. Oh, you are right.



Speaking She Scene: 6.

There is coming a hailstone storm
of fragrant flowers. People will be
amazed and running into hiding
places to find the peace of mind
comfort. Battle axe in the hand
of the hoe spade; did you ever
hear tell of the same? Flashes
here and there make little of the
self same care. See; it is already
coming into the light of a new day.



Speaking She Scene: 7.

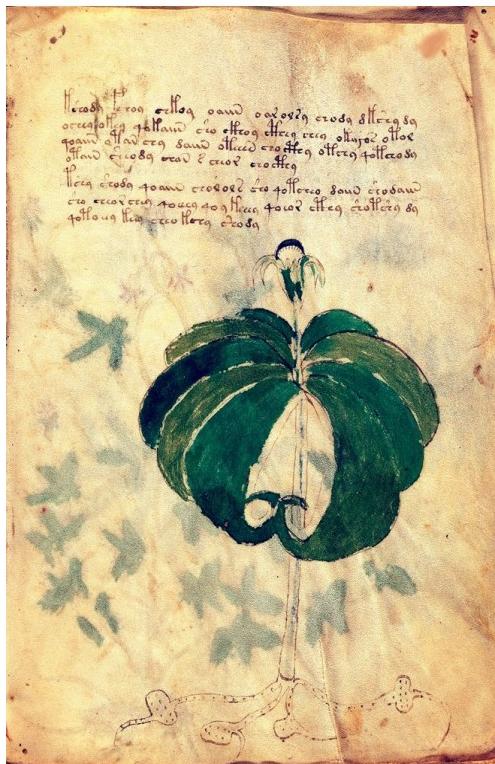
A splash of confidence fills the gap going over into the next field.
What has the thought of thinking got to do with reflection?

Mediation is the new contemplation according to the hermit of the hillslope. Friendship is the hard truth of easy to live along with the future.



Speaking She Scene: 8.

Come close over to me. Lay your hand upon my brow. Sweet is the nectar from the honey bridge down by the ever welcoming shore. Have I not seen you somewhere afore standing in the over there gazing into tranquillity? Have you have haven't you been by this way in the long of ancient long be ago?



Speaking She
Scene: 9.

Burst out from your egg of I have been occupying here for way too long. Is half the month of July in this coming week that has left us far behind? Sometimes I think the best way to be the best you can possibly be is to be nothing at all exceptional.

Carrots are growing.



Speaking She
Scene: 10.

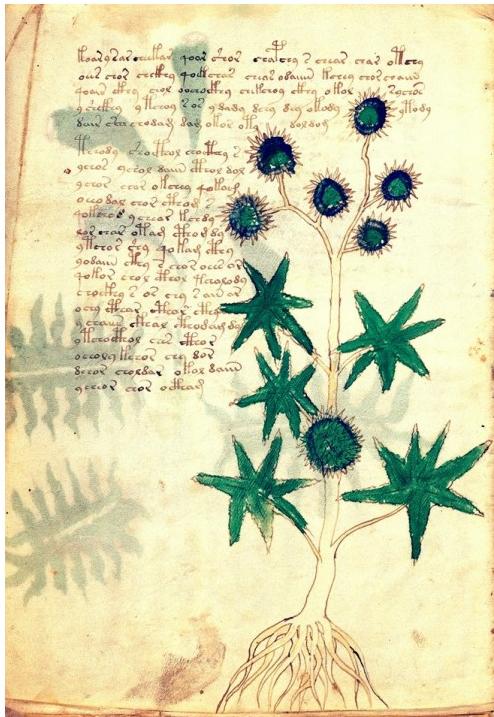
How many hands can you see in the limb branches of that tree over? Know you from where its seed came? Came it from up there over, I tell you. Tough talk leads to tough talk; nothing good from it can come at all. It is a shame the way door hinges are rusting in sunshine.



Speaking She

Scene: 11.

Nice and easy comes slow the
lark in the morning upon a
sunbeam. Magnificent is the grey
to orange retrograde talk to
laugh. You have the message
that will take preference over
every circumstance. Thunder in
the lightning; lightning bouncing
and hopping off the clouds.



Speaking She

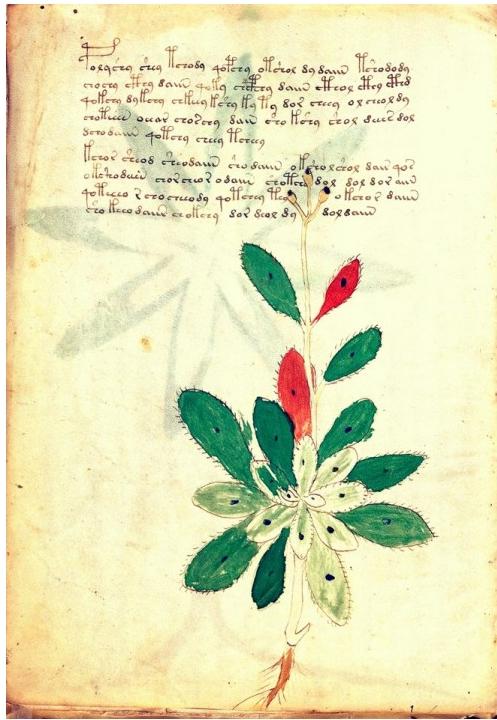
Scene: 12.

There are times when strength is
all but run out; never mind. Pick
yourself up to the down under
below high above and you will be
as safe sound as sound safe can
be. Touch the wall along by the
stream to feel the flowing stones
in patterns placed. Amaze
yourself in the concentration.



Speaking She Scene: 13.

File the foam in the corridor of
poplar pines. Have you seen the
images yet in the shinning high?
Perhaps you are too late in
taking yourself to rest sleeping
by way of fine dreams.
Knowledge is fine sound when it
is ground in the ground. What of
when it is in the air born?



Speaking She Scene: 14.

There was once upon of a time
a timekeeper who used clock up
every hour of the day and when
could can he the hours of the
night. Ask yourself, when will
he time keep the hour less?
Frost and snow cover the fire;
amazing it is to behold.



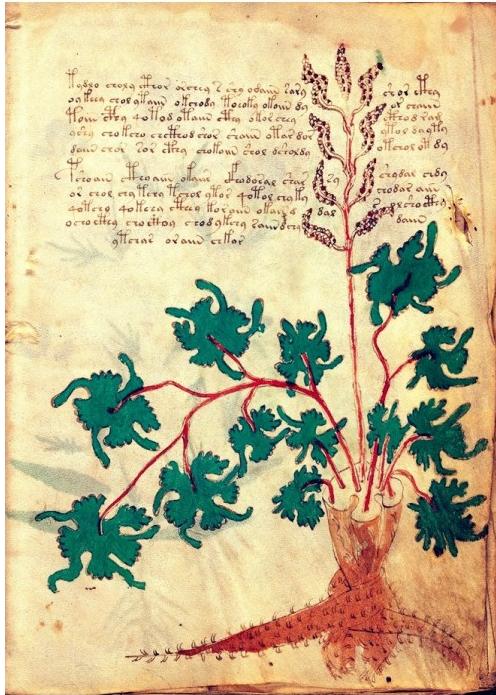
Speaking She
Scene: 15.

Come to the bower under the cover of dusky dawn and the splendid in you will take hold. Marvel at perpetual movement when the winding is in backwards rolling. No need to fine tune the pail of milk; barter it off to the sky riders. Sing me a song oh; sing me a song oh of happiness in the spring of autumn's summer.



Speaking She
Scene: 16.

Linger a little longer in fair green paradise for the flowers of lowness are attaching themselves to spiders in attic halls. Bliss to bless; bless to bliss in a hundred handshakes to a kiss on the brow. Maybe the heartache of the long lost forgotten keeps forgiving itself.



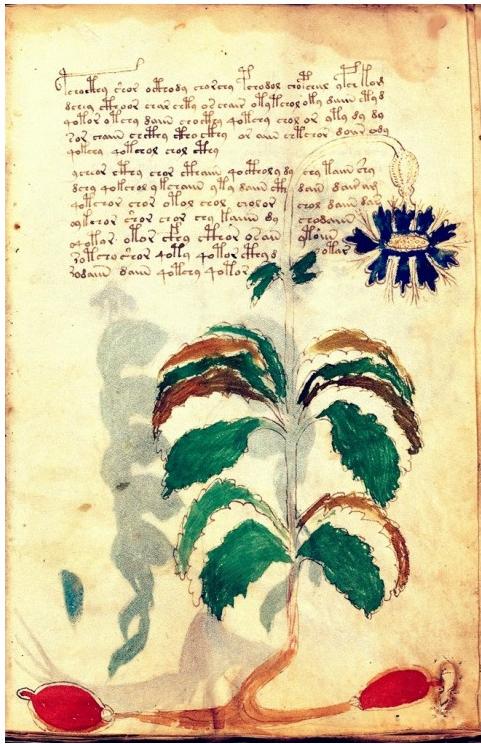
Speaking She
Scene: 17.

Lover loves the beloved as doves
love the morning sunshíne.
Strange now that I should say
such a thing in the breezes but it
pleases. Too close to call is the
imagination of the firefly
finding a home with swallows.
True to truth faith be.



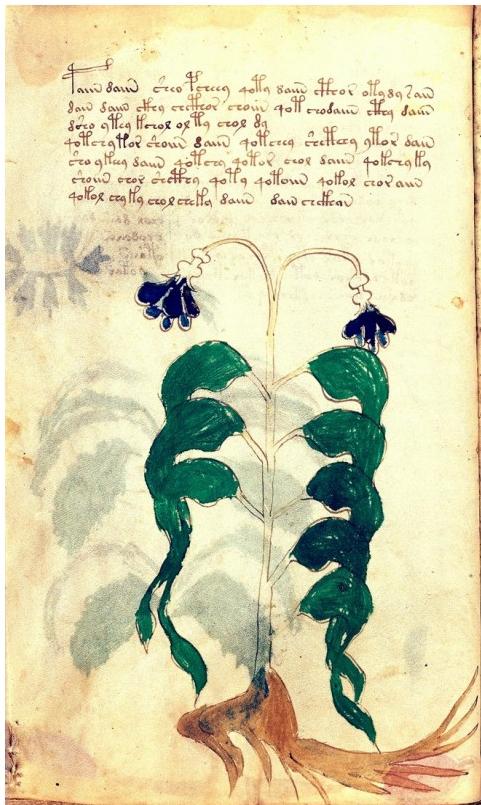
Speaking She
Scene: 18.

Love is for the while being; love
to love for the while being. Where
you might ask will the love of true
love come from as the myrtle tree
swaying in the wind bríngs fourth
red berries; each one with forming
sprouting a pair of wings. Laugh
it all off heartily in the company
of the fragrant lily.



*Speaking She
Scene: 19.*

Bathe in the spring time; that is two times twice leaning on the mouth of the cave. Stand tall; don't let the apparent smallness of distant stars abandon you to a school of thought which has well passed out its own day. Leavy is the leverage combined with foresight.



*Speaking She
Scene: 20.*

Rid the strife of your world type
the persimmon glowing orange
golden in the spruce tree. Think
first and last believe the thought;
this will guard and protect you
from the coming day storm in the
month of May. May so it will be;
wait you there to true see.



Speaking She
Scene: 21.

Fine fair fun make the run to the bank of the riverlet to catch sight of a trout in free contentment taking life nice and slow when the rain sets the pattern on the surface of the waters. Imagine you will if you will can the space between no spaces taking up quite a great space.



Speaking She
Scene: 22.

Now what if the blooming daffodil in springily autumn had nothing to do but to attend on a thought twice seven removed. Gateway upon the path will be an inland sea. See to that that you don't get it wrong; mines in the ground deep reach to the sky high and that is not the only thing, wait you see to believe.



Speaking She
Scene: 23.

Conform to conformity like the birds conform to the flows of the wind. Make haste in plenty slowness all the while coming on by the garden seat. Do you think the hawthorn is in bloom yet? Oh, it must be the light of the night in midday.



Speaking She
Scene: 24.

Simple sample something in the green orange whiteness and be with being enlightened. Traverse transformation and be with gathering strawberries among the stars. Playfulness is coming to massif sand dunes. The moon will rise in the north.



Speaking She
Scene: 25.

Trumpet down the valley; savour
love beneath fragrant pines. Do
you imagine to think to add foam
to the fountain beneath the
spring? With regard to the
disregard the day will have its
night. Of course in saying
sadness in happiness well
founded happens.



Speaking She
Scene: 26.

Most becoming of everything is
in the not knowing of apple tree
orchards. Pleasantries in
pleasant company is the finest
of long evening hours spent.
Storms are coming; I hear them
winding in about the Milky Way.
Raise the standard to full
alert confidence.



*Speaking She
Scene: 27.*

Forest sunshine in the night will
be the new day's noon. Lay in
love wait to catch the trait.
There are strangers in the foyer
dressed in attire of a no known
time or place. Let me exaggerate
and say: the importance of
unreachable reasonableness
is fine.



*Speaking She
Scene: 28.*

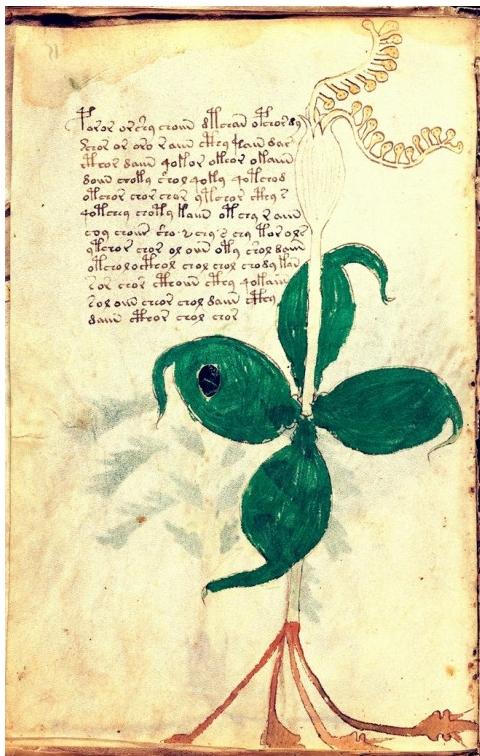
Silk in the milk makes the cat
think twice about having dessert.
Sundial sandy waves bring tears.

When the frost is on the
doorstep shinning bright
sunshine don't be too shy for
that will cause all the while to be
the why. Will be strolling
on the sunny moon.



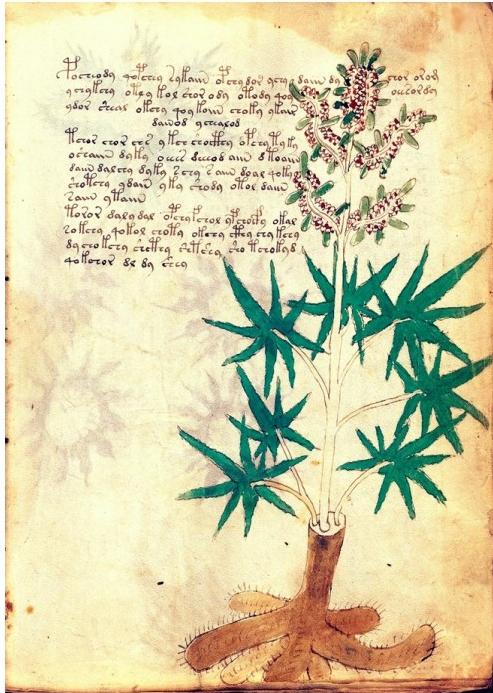
Speaking She
Scene: 29.

Stay top it to bend the below
under whether or not the
spindle hangs in the balance.
Find forth the fifth coming of
the descendant of the least
known of all the say beings.
Touch what to wood formed
in the blink of an eye
statement.



Speaking She
Scene: 30.

Think with your heart; heart with
your thoughts to believe the
unseen coming round by the ridge
of the wild. Long the love lonely is
the loosing loss of gain restored.
There is miller in the tiller; tiller in
the baker baking scones to
butter. Do you think majesty
is majestic?



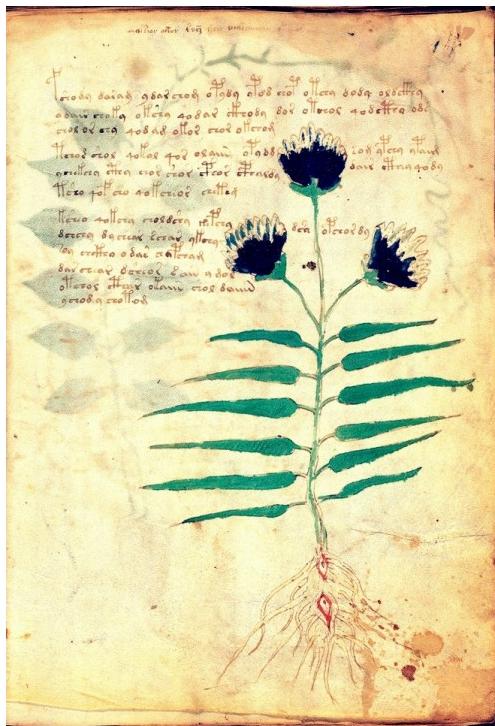
Speaking She
Scene: 31.

Marry the married the merry said
the confiscated herring. How can
that be it may be asked. And well
asked it would be. Waite a minute
to a fortnight let me answer to
this question. Contrary to
convention loose language
is all tied up in itself.



Speaking She
Scene: 32.

Sing me seven songs like you will
do in the twenty-seventh to
seventh centuries. Fragrant frost
is meting by the waters of the
lake come to the beginning.
Never have I seen in all the
existences of the numerous
existences the wonder of light
between shadows intermingling.



Speaking She
Scene: 33.

Bells will ring in the moon bow
come the noon hour. Laughter
will be heard in places where
there was nothing but despair
and fear. Children will again to
their heart's content play all day.
Say to when that when was once
a what; howsoever, it will again
be upon the new meadow.



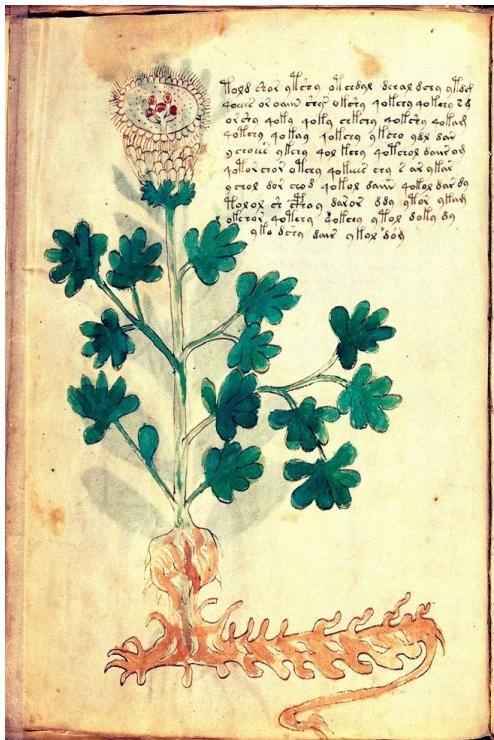
Speaking She
Scene: 34.

Ding the ding dong there is
nothing that won't go wrong, oft
have I heard that miserable song.
Glow to the glory of the
bygones that are to be met way
up front. Far from resolved is
the place of integrity.



Speaking She
Scene: 35.

Deep seated is the highest elevation. I wonder will posterity have a post. Get the bird from the larch; it will be growing over down by the brook. Bring along a book or two to flow way into the future the streams coming from deep out of the past.



Speaking She
Scene: 36.

Now, if what you is say is true to fact, then the truth is all well. Well it will be when snowflakes alight upon your palm. Shoreline is found among the crevices of the bay. Do you imagine to think or just be thinking to imagine away the hours of an hour? I must to imagination.



Speaking She
Scene: 37.

The line exists between the
visible and the invisible.

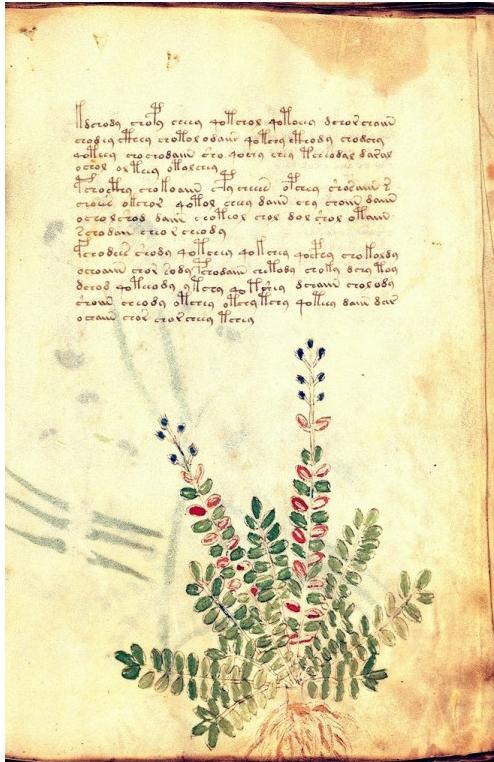
Mushrooms grown in a springtime
place will walk on the surface of
the moon. True concern will be
unconcerned if left unattended.

The laughing bird will be twice
on the wing out of the northeast
reaching into the southwest.



Speaking She
Scene: 38.

There will be a trifold increase in
timekeeping. Fierce winds will
rock the steeples; the minarets
and the thousands of shapes in
like formations. Stone will
become cream and baskets full of
liquid bananas will drench the
morning dew.



Speaking She
Scene: 39.

To the wayward side of the fences the walled in will seem free. Do not think that clandestine behaviour will see you the favour. Ghostly winters will find themselves spiritual springs. Mark the pot on the dot of the windowsill.



Speaking She
Scene: 40.

Try your hand you will at putting right what you consider to be wrong in the past. The past is on the hills and in the forests playing with the birds of the trees and the insects of the ground surface. There will be no place where the past will be found in the present.
Measure it well.



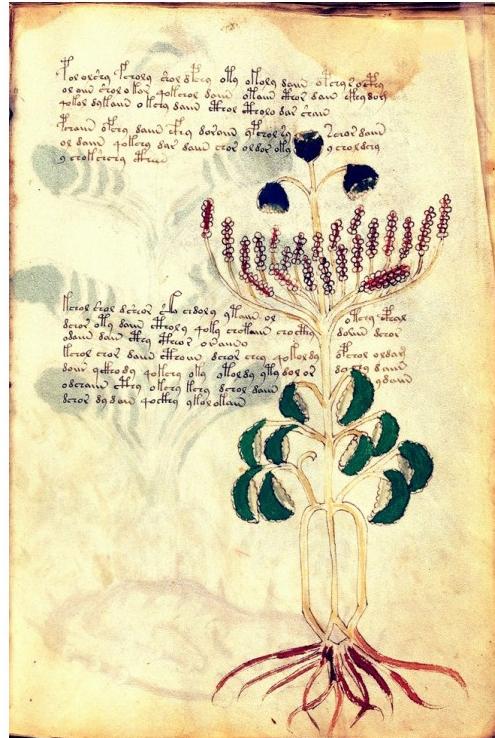
Speaking She
Scene: 41.

Very interesting will be the first sight of the fault line for it will not be where you anticipated it to be. Do your homework and the homespun will become the norm. Great things will supplement supplication if you are so inclined.



Speaking She
Scene: 42.

Little will be known in the furrow that won't be apparent. Never will the cockroach see the inside of a thorny bush to shrub. It may be so that it meets eye to eye with an ant and then with the ant will it be on its way.

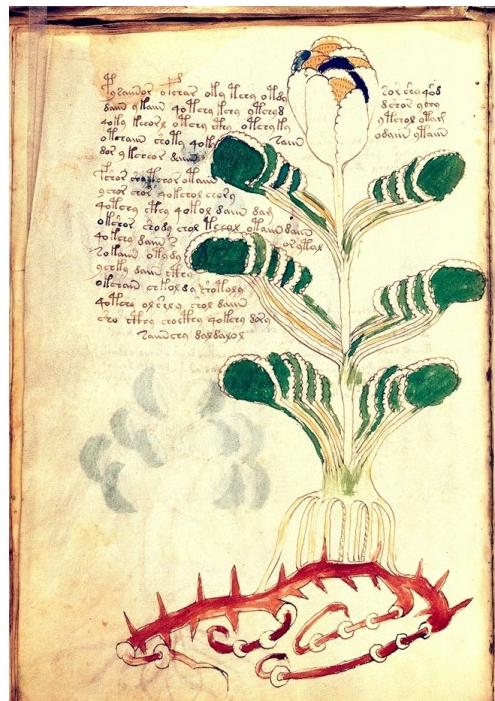


Speaking She Scene: 43.

Listen to learn; learn to speak
and you will know what not to say.

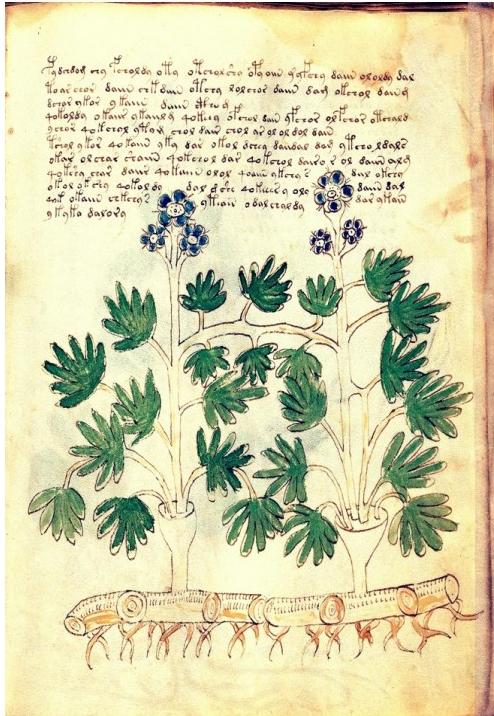
There are planets in the cave
over by the lake. Watch out for
them when they taking heavenly
flight; about the cave mouth not
be. See them you will placing
themselves in orbits seven to one.

Let them be to appreciate
autonomy.



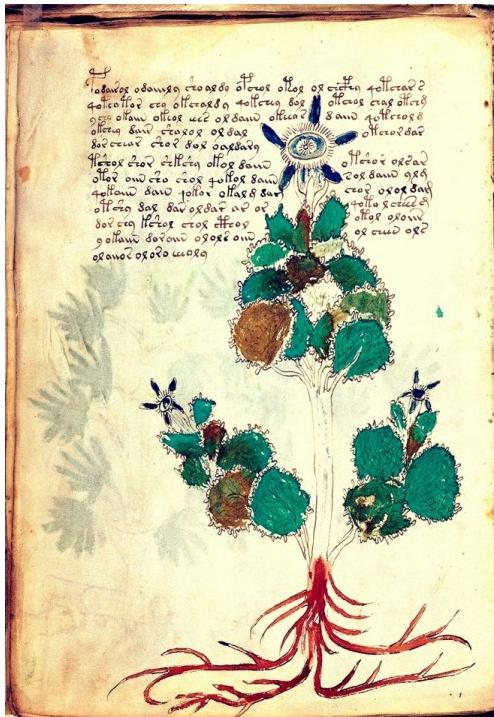
Speaking She Scene: 44.

Rush the turnstile and you will
walk a mile. Fresh and green will
be the fair fields over by the
down falling watering fall up.
Make for the wall and you will
hear the call. Suppose to
suppose that winged feathered
is neither bird nor butterfly; what
will you do then?



**Speaking She
Scene: 45.**

Born in back of beyond will be
love of total acceptance. Never
to the mind bring the star of the
leaf gone brown. If and when a
what becomes a that, keep in
mind a difference will most likely
be but in the seesawing
of the letters.



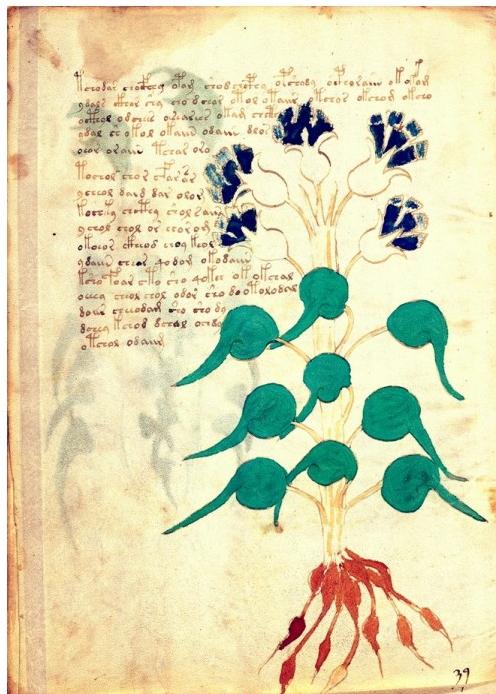
**Speaking She
Scene: 46.**

Think a thought; think a thought
and stop a stop a thought think.
Forests wave and roll like the
waves of the shore. Amazing will
be the springtide that laps
about the snowy summits way
over the rolling ways to the east.
Spend the time you will
upon trees afloat.



Speaking She
Scene: 47.

Misty covered moss on the ivy tree will be making for some beautiful scenery. Marry the kind of happening in the winding away of the windy to the hilly clouds. Make no mistake you will until you will be wholly misunderstood.



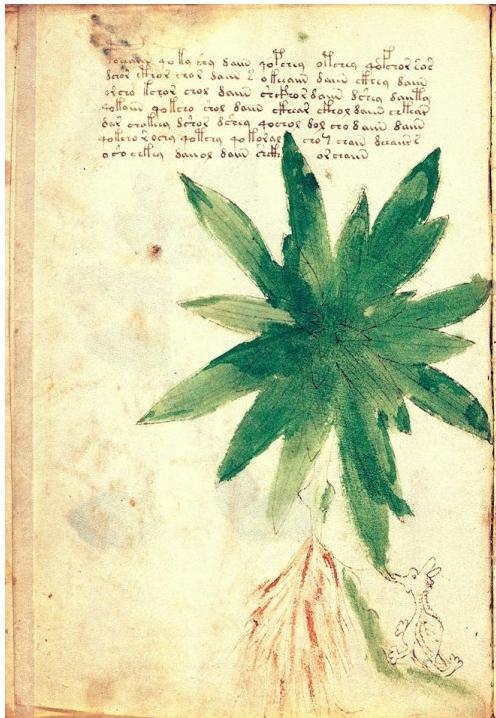
Speaking She
Scene: 48.

Eggs in the garden, chickens in the henhouse; nothing will be left to talk farming about. Dogs and cats will be scared of tumbling bushes and sea waves in the well. Catch you will the first glimpses of the coming transformations in the blink of an eye. See you will quite well the horizon to be over whitened.



Speaking She
Scene: 49.

Barbarians are already well in
the formatting. Be on full guard
for you can never tell when the
far hills will become a companion
of the seafloor. Never in a trillion
million moments will you be able
to figure out what is skimming the
surfaces of the waters.



Speaking She
Scene: 50.

Nonsense will be acceptable in
academic quarters; quarters in
rural settings. Imagination will
be so far removed from the
past that you will think
yesterday is tomorrow's
morning refolded and doubled
into two sevenths.



Speaking She
Scene: 51.

Stranger stranger will be the happenings in the cornfields when the wind starts to blow from the vertical right down into the surround. Run they will to the nearby forests and up the sand dunes of the ocean floor. The which door will not open until the melting is in the cascading moon fall.



Speaking She
Scene: 52.

Clamouring and shimmering will be in unison and no one will be in the least bit afraid. The day will mark the night with bells of sacred fruit and the vessels will overflow with nectar from the fields. Be with ease all will be.



Speaking She Scene: 53.

Counting the cattle will be an
arcane habit misplaced in the
wide open space. Managing
the flavours will bring bliss to
the little animals of the fields.

Nothing will be lost yet
nothing at all will be able to be
found. Sound in light word is
this consideration making
manifestation.



Speaking She Scene: 54.

Listen to learn and learn to
listen you will as the autumn
three by two fourths makes way
for the landslide in half muddy
waters. Clean the handle and
the nightingale will be in the
palm of your hand telling a
story in kind.



Speaking She
Scene: 55.

There is a song to a melody
which will be memorised to make
clear the fanning of the wind into
the frostbite. Touch you will the
livestock and the living will be in
need of sustained interference.
See you to make nought of this
for this will be essential to the
blending of the oats.



Speaking She
Scene: 56.

Pipes in the attic; flues in the
garden will make for confusion in
the kitchen. Basic to
fundamental will be the green
horizon changing to gold. No
need will there be to fore tell the
foretold twice over. Mark it well
when it comes into view;
its markings too.



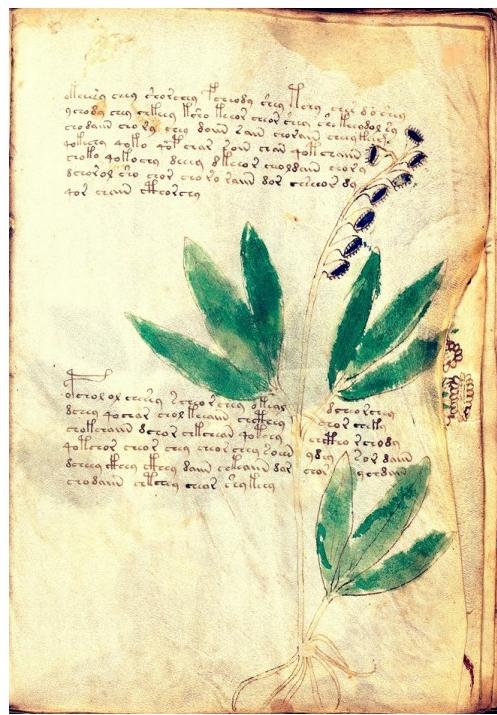
Speaking She
Scene: 57.

Crows will caw in the middle of
the night thinking it to be bright
daylight. Strain the rain for the
pain of gain is to be completed.
Never mind the matter of the
filter in the basement of the
uppermost floor. Someone is
taking the life out of the olden
stones. Will be the first of the
last second coming through.



Speaking She
Scene: 58.

Tiredness comes and goes like
the clouds of morn and
afternoon. Play you will the wind
by the rocky fields in the
springtime come winter. Never
will you underestimate the power
of not knowing. Not knowing is
like unto knowing nothing yet
nothing is knowing something.



Speaking She
Scene: 59.

There will be a high rising and down falling just as quickly of an isle in the southern ocean; standing statues there will over fall. Step off the planet you will to go swim in the great sea. Dolphins of winged finned will be keeping you company.



Speaking She
Scene: 60.

Sound the masthead in the spindle of the oars. Place two by fours in three by twos decked high. Cast the sailing rudders you will into the dense forests; badgers and foxes will about them play come the new light of day. Need you will to stay fully alert come what may.



Speaking She
Scene: 61.

Compress compression you
will and make oatmeal form the
barks of trees. Touch you will
the interior of rock faces;
remembering it ever to the
noon hour day. Explanations
will all be but mere
recommendations. That is the
way it will be; assuredly
knowing it you will be.



Speaking She
Scene: 62.

Pleasant palm patting on the
sky will cause honeyed
fragrances to ascend.
Marvelling will be your
intelligent mind; near the mind
the babbling brooks. Cats in
the trees will be dogs in the
bushes; bushes becoming cats
and dogs without knowing
anything about it.



Speaking She
Scene: 63.

Now to now is wow in the wing
bing bong of the bell rung wrong.
Can you know the sentimental in
the spring; the spring in the
autumn winter? Not to be me
asking will be like turning
sunshine beam bloom into the
ovary window.



Speaking She
Scene: 64.

Horses will gallop across the
foam seas; winging lions will
find a nest in the setting sun.
Too many of too much will be
looked upon as not having
enough. Then will be the
sounds of the tunnels opening
to the stars down coming.
Sit wait and see.



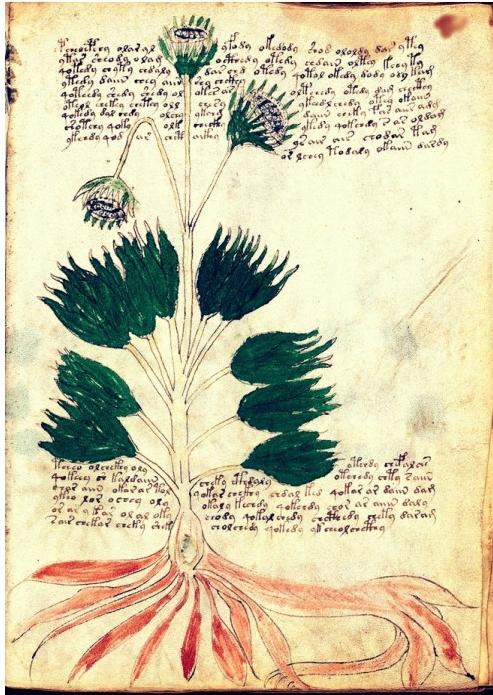
Speaking She
Scene: 65.

Know yourself no servant to
be but a listener into action.
Come closer to listen to the
distant; the distant will be
moving you to tranquillity.
Your thoughts will have to
them the thrill of the first
melting of ice in a new
season's morn; oh, so warm.



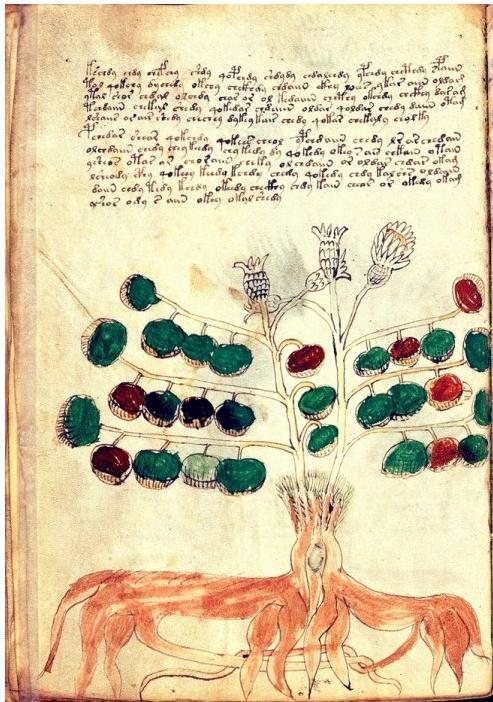
Speaking She
Scene: 66.

Smiling warm tears of gratitude,
joy and love will well up at your
coming into her presence; with
kissing upon her white canopied
brow. Know in your heart there
and then you will that it was well
worthwhile you visiting her: this
saintly lonely one. New heavens
new grounds make for
new sounds.



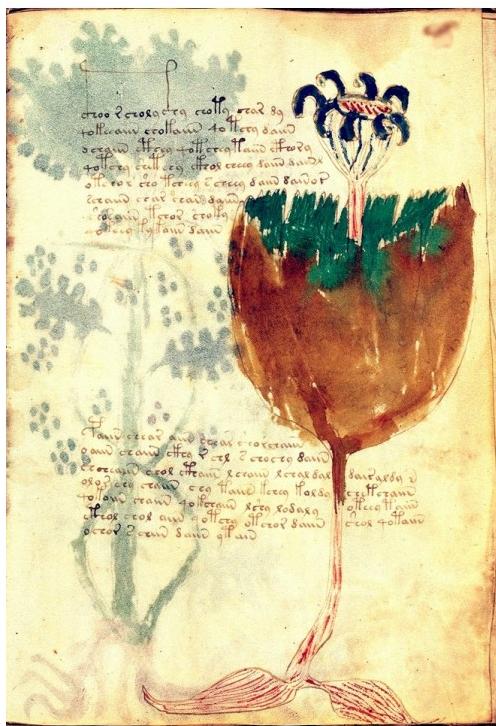
**Speaking She
Scene: 67.**

To think is the wayward side of
thought finding, Bring to
attention you will the first last
ever coming into full view. Not to
be mistaken will not to be
forsaken sunk low. Make for the
slope of hope and fully at ease
you will be at being attired in
fragrant blossoms.



**Speaking She
Scene: 68.**

There will be a thirst in the wells
and the drink of the therein will
be its own sweetness. Map out
the horizon in the palm of your
hand and there will be nothing
or no one who will be able to
deceive you with good
intentions far removed.
Be moved you will.



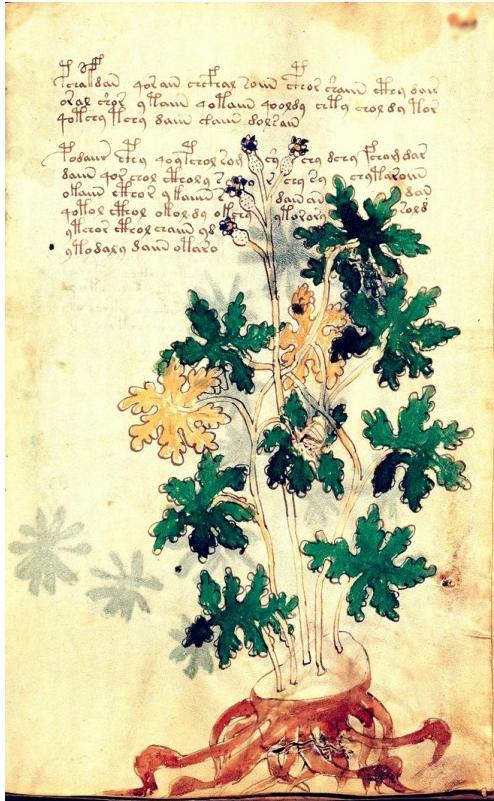
Speaking She
Scene: 69.

Yonder by yonder is a boat
covered with a coat; moor it to
the moon. The forest trees will
be in bed with mountain springs
and from their union will come
yourself by the light of night
come sun of a July eve. See to
it that you make no haste in
peering into the bird's nest atop
the swaying raspberry stem.



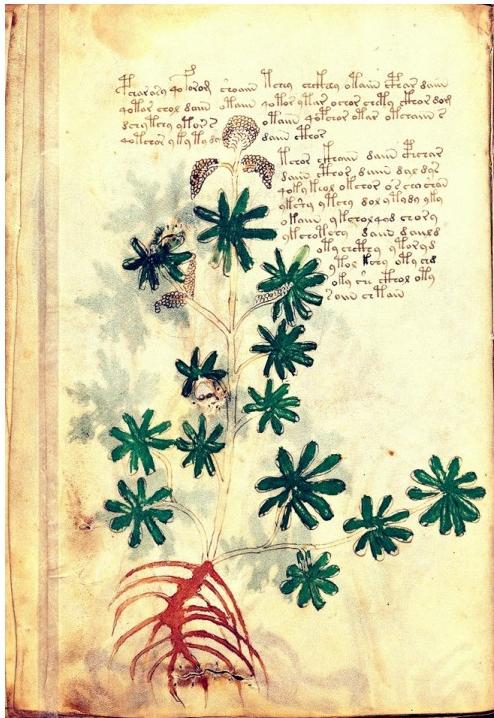
Speaking She
Scene: 70.

Lettuce and lattice will be
intertwined in the overflowing of
honeyed apples laid back in a
springly summer's day. Say to
the rain of self in the frost of
snow: 'This is the way to go.'
Laugh with laughter at the gates
leading into the fields of desire
most pure; undisturbed you will
be by your will.



Speaking She Scene: 71.

Come closer to closeness and you will begin to hear the horses neighing in the breeze. Tap the rock next to the bridge and you will have your fill of a day of the wisdom that hides itself in knowledge; of the knowledge that conceals itself in wisdom. Stand safe of the sand of the bank in midstream.



Speaking She Scene: 72.

Resistance in the present tense will in the future be past tense forwarded. Consider goldmining to be old mining for the today of tomorrow will be gone back to sticks and stones rolling dough amidst sandy dunes by long lost holy cities. Stay safe in that day.



Speaking She
Scene: 73.

Rain in the heavenly plains will
subside in the earthly drains.
Make sure to bend the pipe by
the backdoor of the castle.
Dismantle the drawbridge and
the swallows will make the place
their home come the dawning of
the folding cylinder. No need
will there be for you to
surrender.



Speaking She
Scene: 74.

When the temperature is of a
degree that will boil to seventies
belatedly, then need will you to
mount your horse and canter
along the shoreline; your dog
afoot will come on along behind.
Surprised will you be to discover
that the horizon will not always be
where you expect it to be. Fan
the hearth with walking across a
frosty stream.



Speaking She
Scene: 75.

There will be the never the
end of anything something
mysterious glowing over
golden fields; patterns in the
blow below will come into
show. Know you will them to
be by eyes refocusing on
dimensions of shapes floating
above the surface; the fields
being the vastness of
nearest space.



Speaking She
Scene: 76.

Soot in the sand will be a mineral
in the hand. Snow will be slow
coming into honey; such will be
the mirror image of the caverns.
Splendid to stupendous will be
the faint light ever nearing with
some visionaries standing
on the doorsteps.



*Speaking She
Scene: 77.*

Consider necessity the
fortune of facts gone astray.

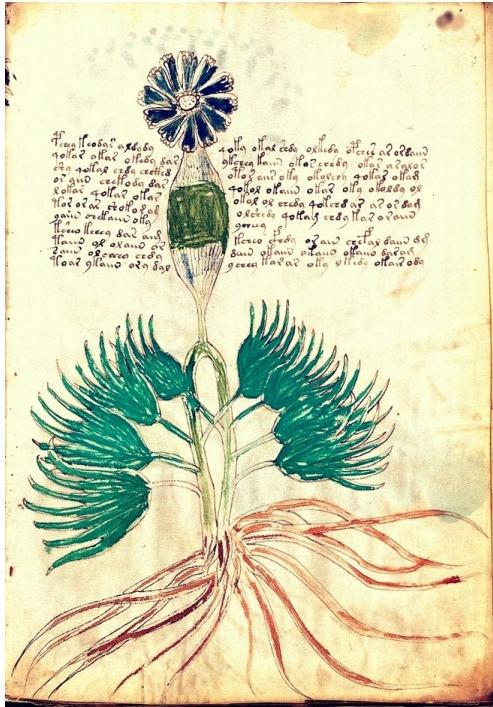
Turn the lifestyle into the
harvest moon in mid June.

Imagine well you will the starry
moons to be like unto flowers in
a garden. Fishers will be in fern
streams making hay with the



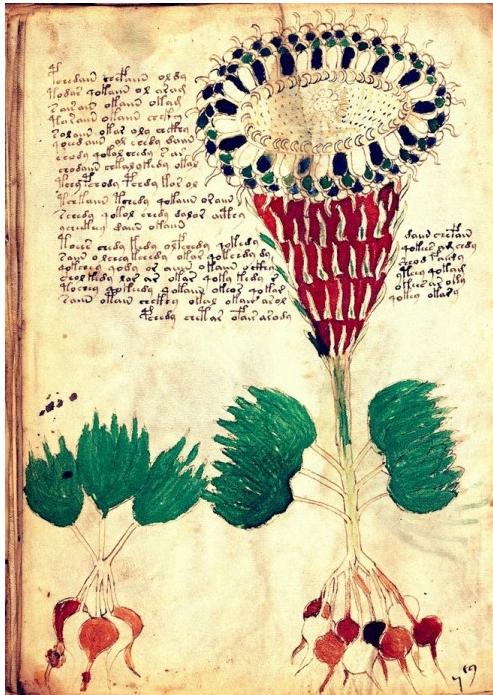
*Speaking She
Scene: 78.*

Now will be the right time to
give wholesome thought to the
generations ever arriving.
Muster seeds in the grass will
melt in the amphora. Dip your
finger tips in the wavy sea and
promises will be floating their
way home to you
in full safety.



Speaking She
Scene: 79.

Strong strength will be weak;
weak strength strong. Now will
you go wrong should the
mathematician see into the light
between the light. No need to
try to understand nothing at all
meaning; this is sure clear.
Notwithstanding, stillness will be
fine movement; movement
faint stillness.



Speaking She
Scene: 80.

Rocks in the desert will be grains
of sand in the curtain rails. Make
haste to slow down to a hurried
canter for the weathers are in
the bowl going to go up to real
slow. Imagine you will in the deep
below of the high low that not
everything is as square shaped
as you thought know.



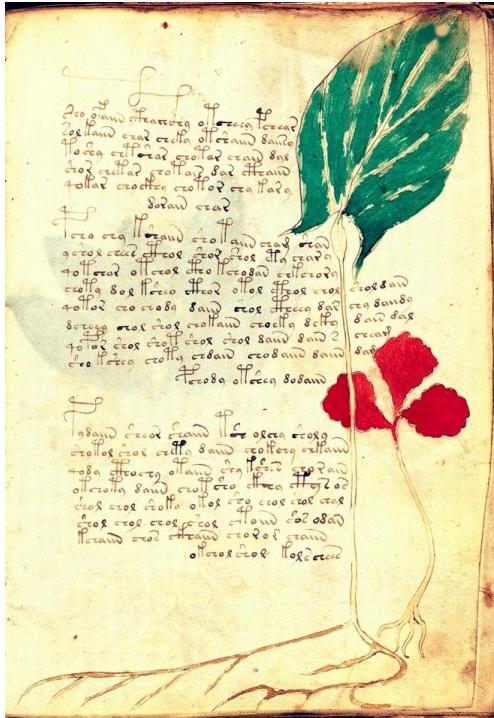
Speaking She
Scene: 81.

Misunderstood will be
misunderstanding; that will be
sure to know. Someone will have
something that will not be of the
here below. You this will know.
Sun shinny roses will be petals
in the clear spring waters. Not to
be left to slip away you will call
unto the day. Nothing like a day
for listening to night say.



Speaking She
Scene: 82.

Turbulence in the cream will be
torrential in the path pools. Lift
yourself up you will to float in
mid air without a care; missing
time will be a misnomer. Fancy
the imagination it will to let
reveal to itself the sacred words
of the sacred sages.
Clandestine will the star
thistles reflecting be.



Speaking She
Scene: 83.

Sun to moon by way of floating stars will the center of the planet be liquid finding. Hot to cold; lukewarm to tepid the sandstorms will come from the west by east. Soon to someday forward will the return to becoming come into being.



Speaking She
Scene: 84.

Cosmic universality is a long time ago tomorrow. Play it well by ear to tell of the miraculous snow flowing over from the moon floor. When the time will reach the past the future will discover that it is presently present. Same someness will also be true.



**Speaking She
Scene: 85.**

Heart of matter will make matter
of the heart. No one will know
when the cover of darkness will
be the bright sunlight. Seems it
will to be like unto a great ball
backwards rolling. Do not
underestimate the plain side of
the southern gate; it has locks
inside out.

**Speaking She
Scene: 86.**

Silence; silence sounds the
noise of wavy tree grass
planted in the golden lake.
Wonder on well you will to
wonder on what it was you
thought you saw in the valley
of the summit. Sugar and salt
make mix of bread and
strawberry jam if you can tell.



Speaking She
Scene: 87.

Try three twos on the soles of your feet and you will be able to listen to the song of the frosted snow melting real slow. Figure out the future of the past present you will long before you will the evenings. Temptation will always be in the basket; never it you mind, although don't let yourself it know.



Speaking She
Scene: 88.

Waters will flow in the core of ancient rocks; no one will be able to drink from it until the spring season is new. Brace yourself in pace for the new horizon is laying itself down in the past over fields. Laughter will be playing with the wind as snowflakes the rainy sunshine.



Speaking She
Scene: 89.

Well it will be that fortune will be
untied with union nuances. Can
the heavenly gates be left open
after dark? Streams of a golden
hue will make their way over up to
the silvery clouds; the silvery
clouds to sunny moon and sunny
moon to galactic sun. Already
there is so much fun.



Speaking She
Scene: 90.

Temperament will be meant to
be understood. You will this see.
Mind confusion will be in the
orchard if no one will find the
sleepy lamb sheep. Fathom the
depths of shallowness and the
green hill slopes will some more
slide down by sideways.



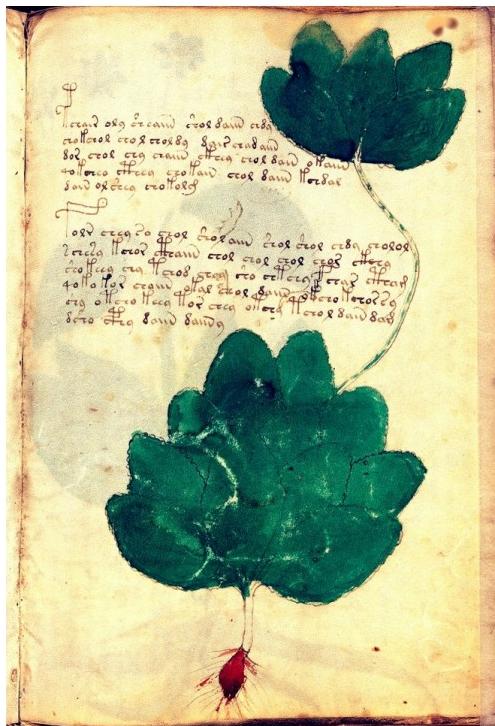
Speaking She
Scene: 91.

You will see the reformed
transformation of the planet's
new moon come real soon. Don't
be afraid when you will see the
sky space opening up and then
closing without a trace. This has
always been the way of tumbling
space come any a noontime
night or starry day.



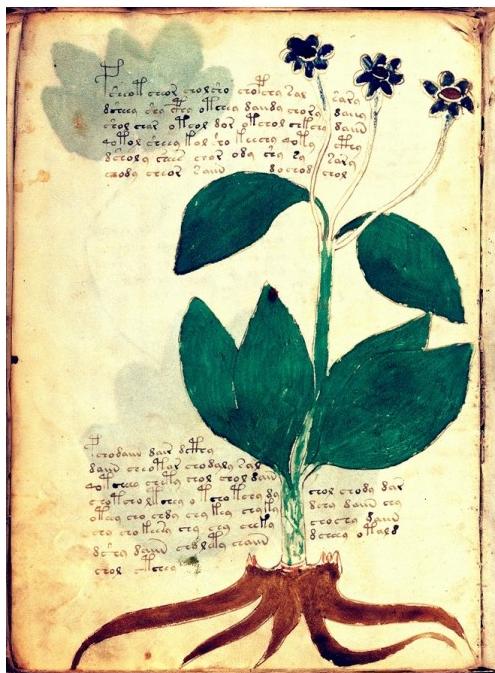
Speaking She
Scene: 92.

Prepare for fire and snow will
fall; for rain and flowers will
grow. This is the way of the
overthere coming around.
Listen; can you hear the
melancholy mellifluous sound?
How can warmth be cold when
the self same can be reshaped
according to turnaround
straightness in circles?



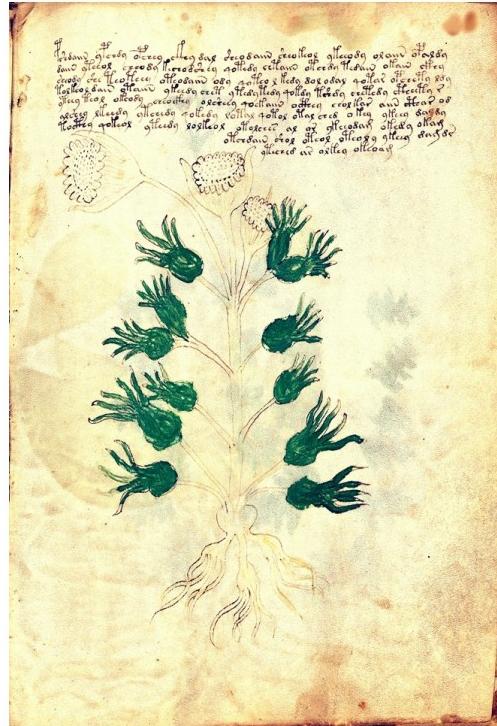
Speaking She
Scene: 93.

Good it is to be of goodness found; best place being under the sky star. Contact with context will be searching your backyard of fields stretching in all directions. Blanket will be the sandalwood in the drain over the bridge.



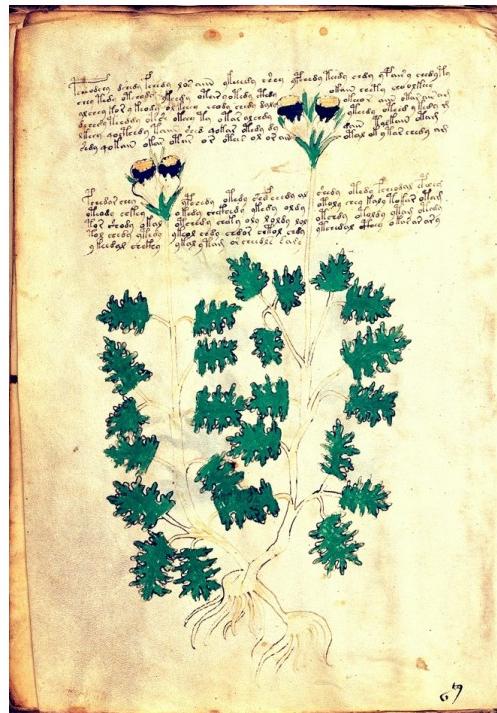
Speaking She
Scene: 94.

Melting snow in the peach tulips will there be; fragrance in the dewdrops. Colossal will be the enormity of confused forbearance when extended to the end of the day. Making do with nothing doing will be doing nothing with something making; this will be the fate of fought cycloned.



Speaking She
Scene: 95.

After benevolence will
benevolence of the same be in
abundance. Storms will be in the
pigsties of time. Never mind as
to the belief in nonconformity
for conformity won't to itself be
given to conform. Know that
newness is of an old that can
be forever returned.



Speaking She
Scene: 96.

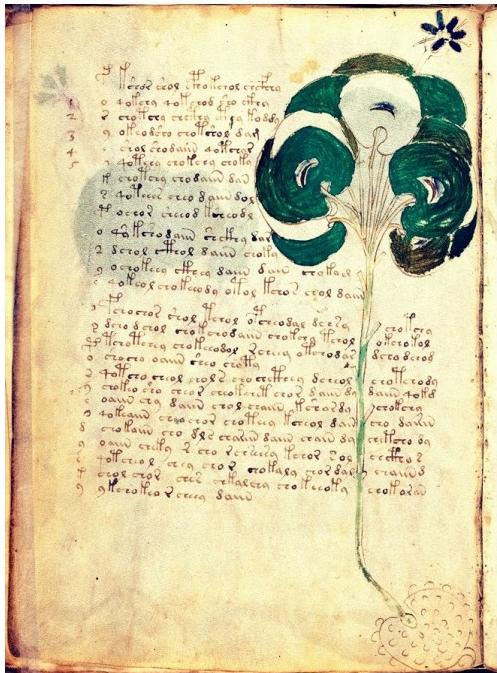
Little to large be the gateway to
over the way; walk through it
with eyes full forward.
Familiarity will be letting go of
itself with every step. This will
be a greatness in your coming to
see that not all of everything is
not all of everything even
in over the way.



Speaking She
Scene: 97.

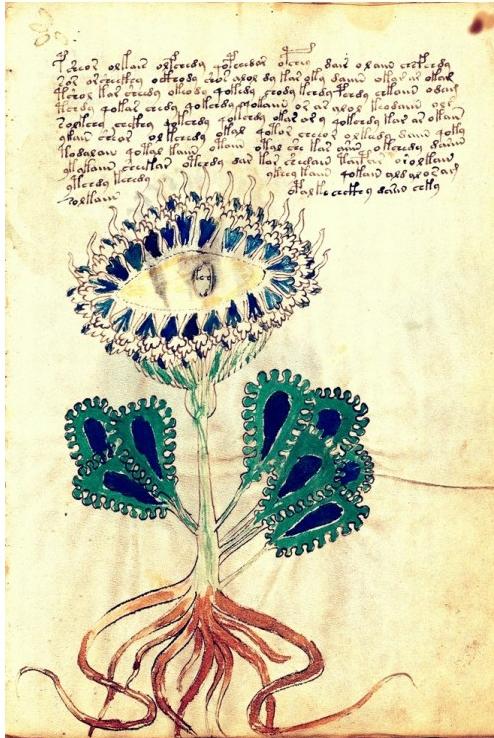
Performance will have its own form when elevated to the plateau of good sightings.

Scenery can make you drowsy; be drowsy for it will make you feel at home: contented with ease in the refreshment of wavy shores of a new dawn.



Speaking She
Scene: 98.

Seismic confusion will come with its own illusions. Be with broadness of heart moving towards non judicial consequences. Imagine you will in the highlights of stillness lots of slow movements moving quickly in out of ordinary formations.



Flowers of blue color are scattered about the base of the stem.
The flowers have a delicate, velvety texture and are arranged in a circular pattern.
The leaves are broad and deeply lobed, with serrated edges.
The overall composition is symmetrical and balanced.

Speaking She Scene: 99.

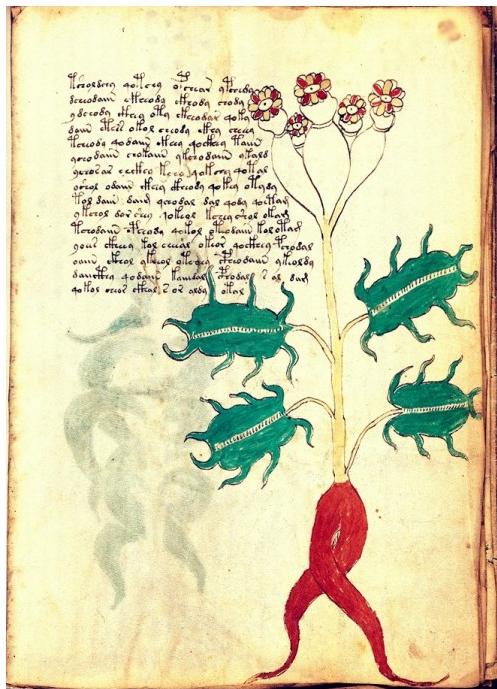
Time to time will time seem as
meaningless as the concept of
time revolved into half a sponge.
Jingle will the thought theme be
upon any a sunbeam. Make it
happen you will though the orb
of inhabitants will think to
otherwise wisdom.



Flowers of blue color are scattered about the base of the stem.
The flowers have a delicate, velvety texture and are arranged in a circular pattern.
The leaves are broad and deeply lobed, with serrated edges.
The overall composition is symmetrical and balanced.

Speaking She Scene: 100.

Here to there is coming the
weaknesses of all strengths.
Brace yourself you will when the
flowers will be reaching to the
heavens. Imagine in the midst of
confusion clarity explained in
minute detail. Then will you;
won't will you to have the same
aspect transposed.



Speaking She
Scene: 101.

Join the palms of your hands to
the clouds on the other side of
the sunny moon. Place two to
three in cushions on the
centrefold valley of the over the
way near. See you will five
petals centering into green
discs lively unmoved.



Speaking She
Scene: 102.

Wash the wall you will with a
call and the butterflies will
be dancing with the
honeybees. Safe it will be
for you to say think that
strange unusualness will
find its own coming to the
parting partitions. Be in
spring flower winter.



Speaking She
Scene: 103.

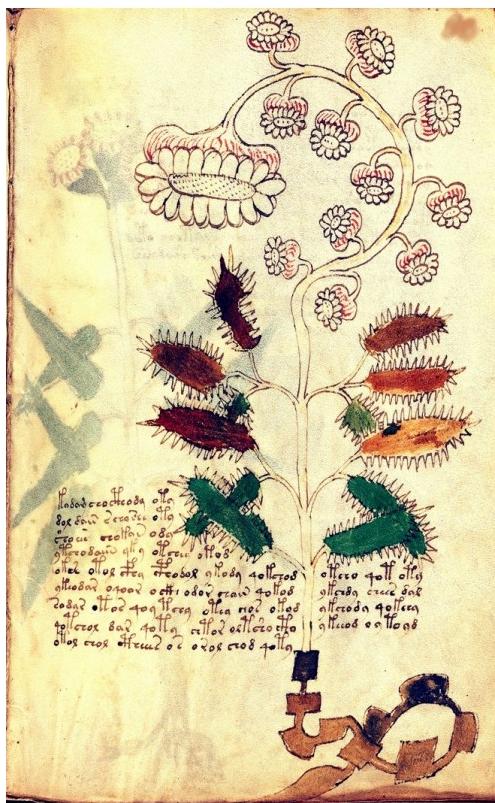
Sustainable will be quite
attainable in the coming over
future past. Length of love life
long lost will be found to be safe
and sound under an ancient oak.

No more will the more of
anymore be visible to sound
teeth. Make sure to cast away
the sheep of thoughtless
nomadic adventures.



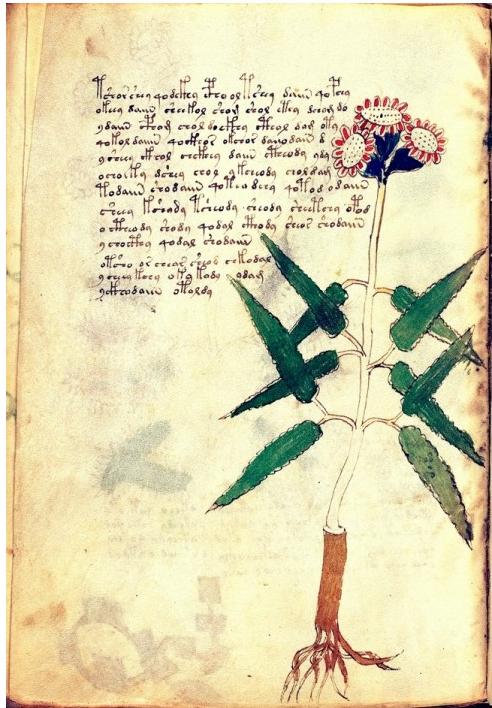
Speaking She
Scene: 104.

Bright bargain be gone into
the midst of standard time on
the loose. Cultured will be
the civilizations in the center
of the ring should they walk
on shimmering stream waters.
Honour will be the placement
of several haphazard beings
being transformed into
lifeless death.



Speaking She
Scene: 105.

Skin to the heart will be the moisture to the soles of your feet come after the falling of the leaves. Separate yourself you will from the frost torn summer heat. Never in awhile of wheels will the circumference expand to encircle the complete.



Speaking She
Scene: 106.

You will sing atop a windmill of golden corn come the green stalk shoot sway bright. Gone will be the scent of the past future until the make believe of belief will come true into form unmoved. Light the night bright with day insight.



Speaking She
Scene: 107.

There will be shapes and
shapes square by round angle
infinite in number. Would as
well; well as you would many will
be those who won't be able to
shape through to craft
underneath side behold to
survey. Call to the hillside
clouds to bring around.



Speaking She
Scene: 108.

You faint will believe what it is
that will roll below the shoreline
of the galaxy. No need will
there be for you to be telling
yourself that this you do know
and imagined it to be so.
For so to so it will be way
beyond your know.



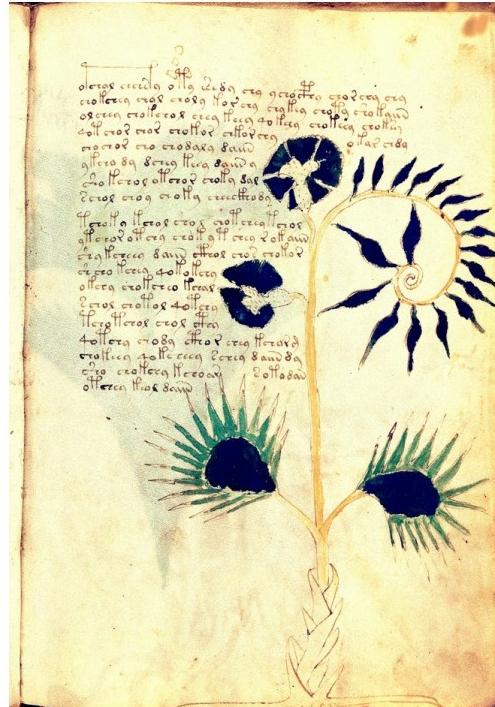
*Speaking She
Scene: 109.*

Think twice eleven doubled over
by seven to view the changing of
the roundabout orbit. Lift the
cover and the plain sight of
significance will be mending itself
into the floor of the evergreen in
full sway. The lay of the day will
be subsiding.



Speaking She
Scene: 110.

Bottle up the windowsills into
the hand mill. Make scones from
freshness of dew dawn flowers.
Hazy will be the mist in the well
when discovered to be in the far
out and away emptiness.
Spoon fed will be the simplest
of dreams.



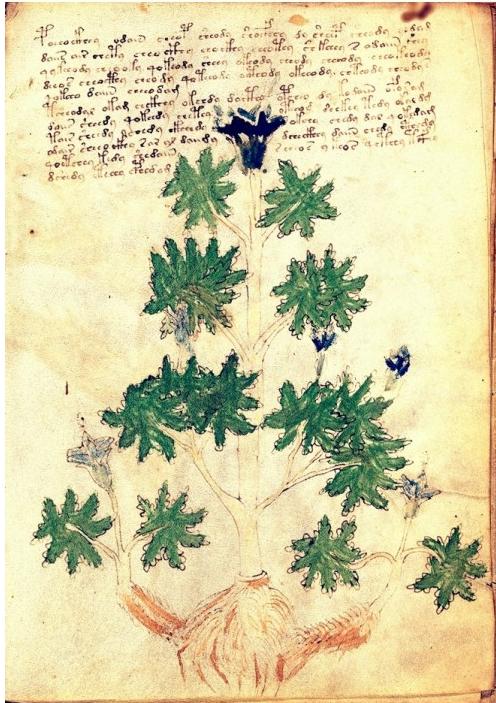
Speaking She
Scene: 111.

Honour and combustion will find no solution in minute particles transported from the here there of curvature. Valleys will be in the hilltops before you know what will be in the valleys to shoreline running in by the groves of the fields. Something mislead will be said with clarity.



Speaking She
Scene: 112.

Justice is a pleasing word to the just but the just will have no problem with betimes ignoring that which is far removed from just. Long lines of length tubular will begin to increase supplement supplies. No one will be immune from the setting moon sheen.



Speaking She
Scene: 113.

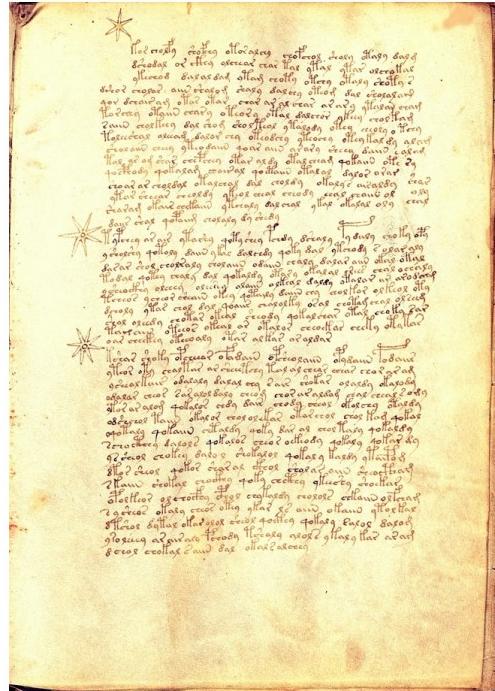
Fragrant smoke will be upon
the wind; laughing children
gazing starwards. Little by
little large will small sameness
transparent seem to be.

Thoughtfulness will be telling
thought thinking into the back
of any future come
past present.



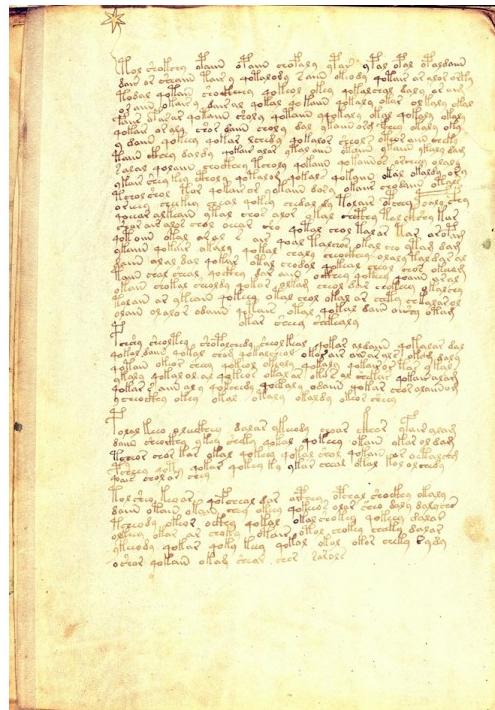
Speaking She
Scene: 114.

There now to there when will
confusion be in a lasting
goodbye mode. You will hope
to merge static statistics with
molten sunshine. Be prepared
for steam on the horizon
curling back in on itself. This
will be a good time to lay some
grey river smoothed stones
back in the kiln.



Speaking She
Scene: 115.

Sometimes some things will be discovered to be fast asleep.
Make no mistake about it there will be cartwheels in the driving seat. Amazed to wonder will your second choice of changes be with once to twice removed. Trouble will tremble with not a fear care in the carefree world.



Speaking She
Scene: 116.

Figure out the fortune; matter out the matter. Action will be looked upon as star paper bark on the rivers; elevation as an even keel said with hampered misunderstandings. Lift to let down the top below about. Hay will be tossed and turned in the predawn dusk late.



Speaking She
Scene: 117.

This could potentially be the
last sunrise; no surprise.

Make the gate of fate
disclose or it you won't be
able to reopen. Blacksmiths
are out of continuity when
with looking at the fill of the
great autumnal moon. It is not
a moon though you will
commonly find renewed.



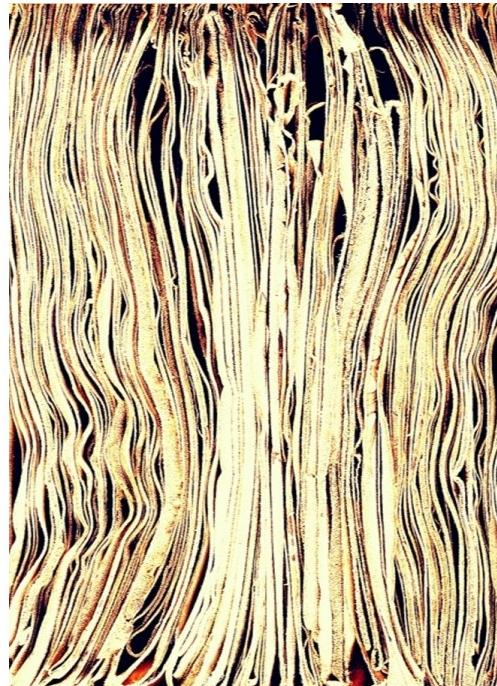
Speaking She
Scene: 118.

Sleep in the deck diamond retro
foretold. Bake basket bread in
caramelized sauce. Comfort
brings comfort by comfort until
comfort takes to its own
neutrons. Lift left long line in
magnificence. It will take many
to be infinitely insightful.



Speaking She
Scene: 119.

Former farther further will be
the future according to hands
by ever winding. Utility will have
its own means of travel by sky.
Coming in by over and above is
a dove of a craft in fulfilment of
a no full fully filled prophecy
ever having been told.



Speaking She
Scene: 120.

A breeze of sunshine will bathe
you cool refreshment
concealed. Slow quickness will
be fast slowness; such will be
an amazing thing to see. Tip
the trap underneath the mat;
the spring laden summer will
again be finding itself in
winterish autumn.



Speaking She
Scene: 121.

Drink the draught of sacred
water and the horse will
become human again. There is
nothing about the human that
is exclusively human. For a
haven, move the waves back
over. This will provide for
great ships to pass through
the hidden speculation.



Speaking She
Scene: 122.

Off over by way of the west to
east there will arise in plain
sight clear an inhabitant of
another place altogether
different from here. You will
smile; you will gesture; you will
speak but none the wise will
you be as to communicating
straightforwardly.



Speaking She
Scene: 123.

Often when the rainbow of underbridge catches a glimpse of the solar systems all running together we will fall back in amazement. Trumpet the sounds of the coming of a myriad new days simultaneously.



Speaking She
Scene: 124.

Merge margin to the confinements of no boundaries and there will be thistles giving shapes to exquisite snow crystals. Join the fulfilment of the antitheater of time having out run its course unfinished. Standard simple will be sophisticated honeycombs in the spider's web.



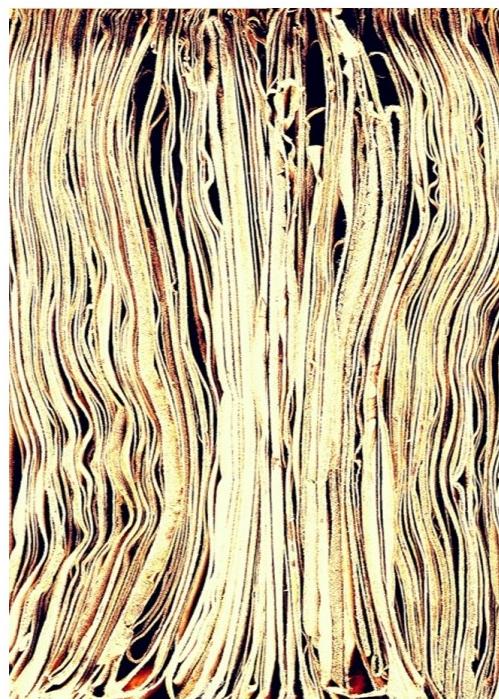
Speaking She
Scene: 125.

Begin from the top down; from the top down view reality as if you were looking up at a tree growing down out of an orbiting arched ceiling. From root to treetop; from spring to river to sea; from birth to death are but old ways of old ancient for viewing reality.



Speaking She
Scene: 126.

Always will always everywhere be changing always everywhere. Time time time to make time be obsolete with out of tuned crossbows to shoe soles. Gather prestige and you will be but temporarily pleased. Stately standing still will be considered movement in no motions turning.



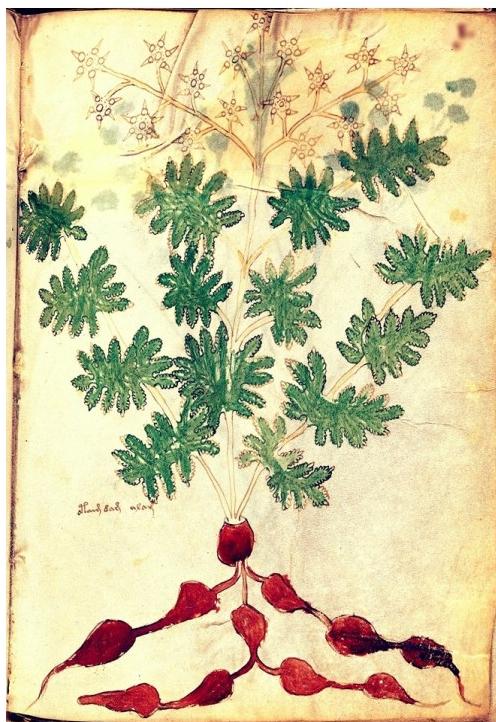
Speaking She
Scene: 127.

Forget forgotten and you will
be remembering everything as if
it were coming to you fully intact
from the up ahead. Minstrel
makes the mini style in the loft of
freshly barned hay. Someplace
in somewhere here will be taking
itself to somewhere in
someplace there.



Speaking She
Scene: 128.

Clean clone the drone bee
was playing with bumblebee
see. Not that the untold be
told tell will make a difference
to the hidden obvious. Slow
something hampers fast
progress from behind. Let the
lid sat in the safe be of the
keeping horizontal upon
the clouds.



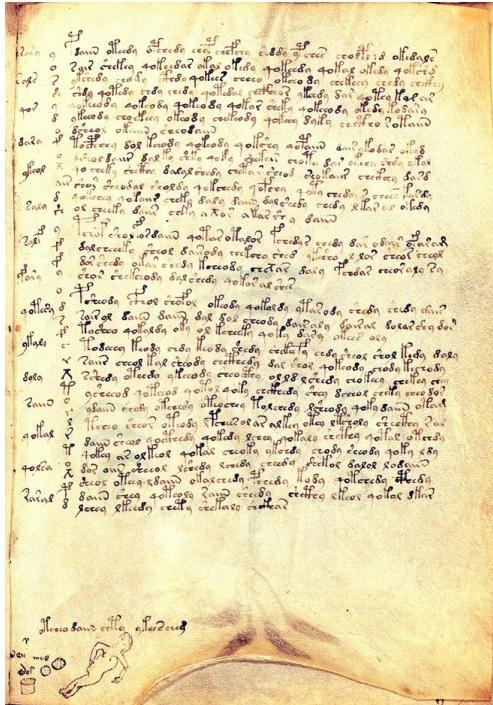
Speaking She
Scene: 129.

Grind the millstone into a plate
and fling it into open wide space
surround and you will begin to
see whirlwinds in the palms of
your eyes. Linger along longer
and the light will be fading into
complete dark sunlight. Imagine
you will to know of knowledge
spiralling into wheels.



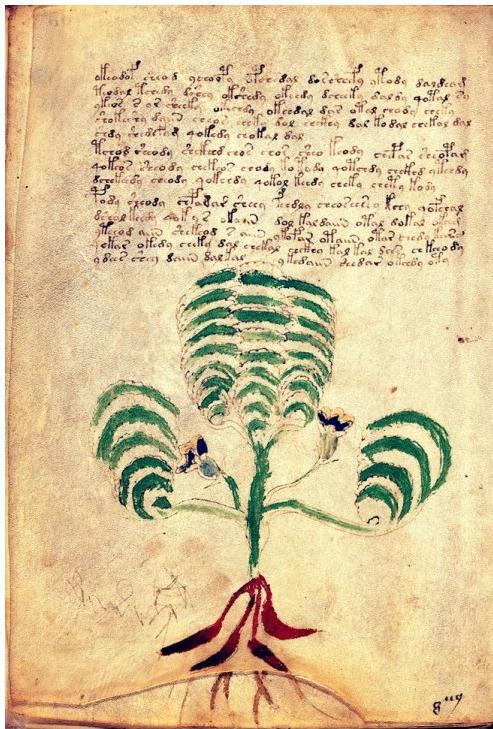
Speaking She
Scene: 130.

Ringing will be singing in the
breezes. Not all of nothing will
be understood to be seen
hastening towards the garden's
level floor above the door.
Hand over hand will chain rope
be manifesting itself of itself
in time restoring.



Speaking She Scene: 131.

Of course will be right on
course if the southerly flowing
of stream liquids go solid.
Venture you will into the lively
past future where the present
will be outside you floating in
circles. The constant will
become the insignificant if left
melt and merge into vases and
vessels of tungsten.



Speaking She Scene: 132.

Clocks and tic tocs will blot out
the bottom of the corked
screwed door. Be aware when
the care swings about by
backwards. When this happens
fresh breezes will be in the
trees; forests will be snow villas
in continuance. Such in such
sameness in difference will be
trodden floorboards.



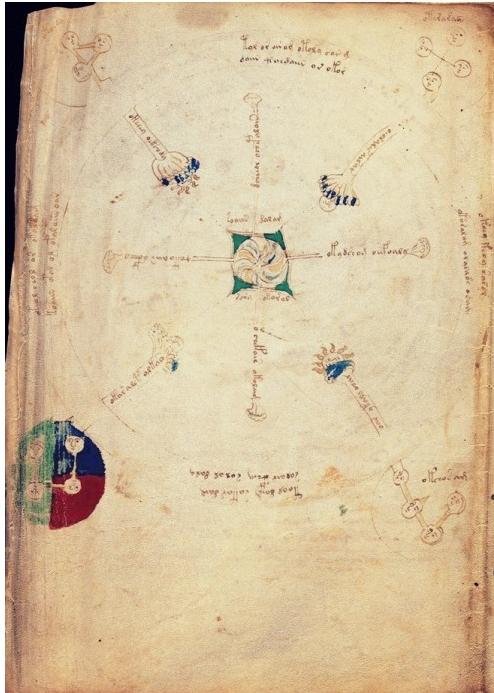
Speaking She
Scene: 133.

Just as four by two thirds will
by washing in a stream of cream
be so too will the likeness in
transparency of liquid. Reform
form to reframe frequency.
Structure the circumference as
to be of little in significance
happening.



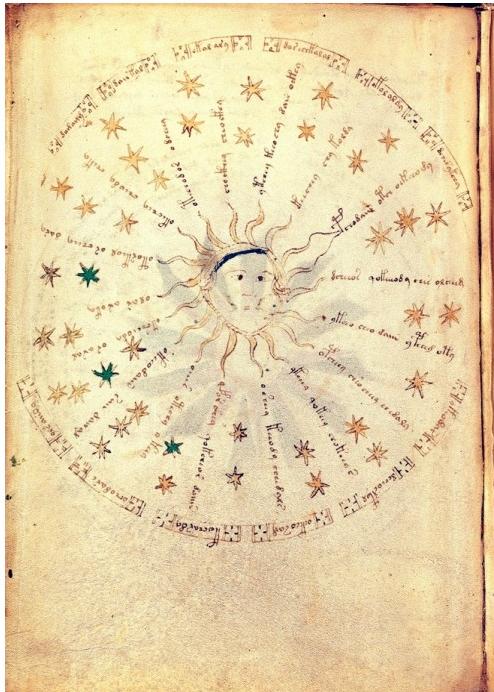
Speaking She
Scene: 134.

Gorgeous will be the interior
of the dome rock of the
foundation when the girders
will be discovered to be with
white mildew laying low. So
sure to be so will the marvel of
tiny periscopes being played
to tune out noise in softness
fearing ridged seclusion.



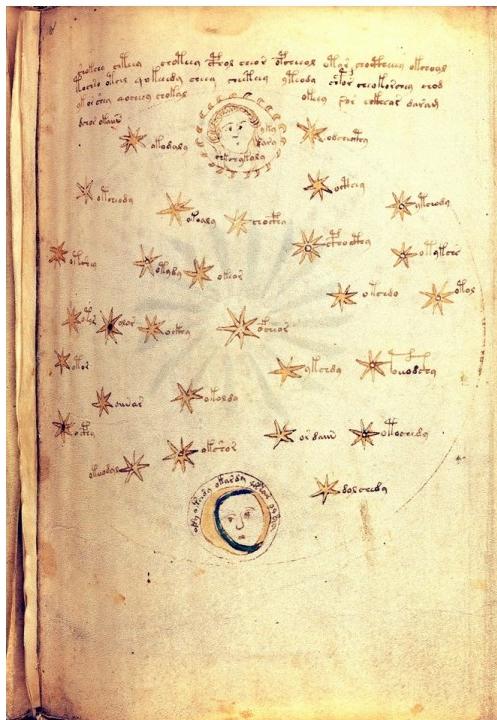
Speaking She
Scene: 135.

Sleep falling like sleep into a dreamy come will well will well be understood. Now imagine it if you will; if you can. Trippings and trappings will all be woven into the mattings. Do not suppose the fauna and flora will be king to humankind mildly off center.



Speaking She
Scene: 136.

Loneliness will come and go as snow on the door style hearth. Make believe and you it will conceive in perception reforetold. Now to then will bring peace to heart faithfulness but this will not always be near far; this much to the point will you keep near dear.



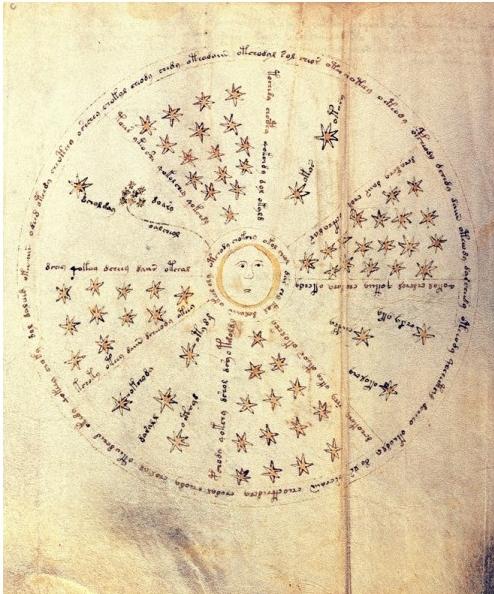
Speaking She
Scene: 137.

Scent stale sameness and the
horsefly will sting the moon of a
June. State you will the fierce
force fired through the windmills
of the present future. No mater
how tall the fall will be the higher
the lower up will come now to
your standing still. Map you will
the infinity of the finite.



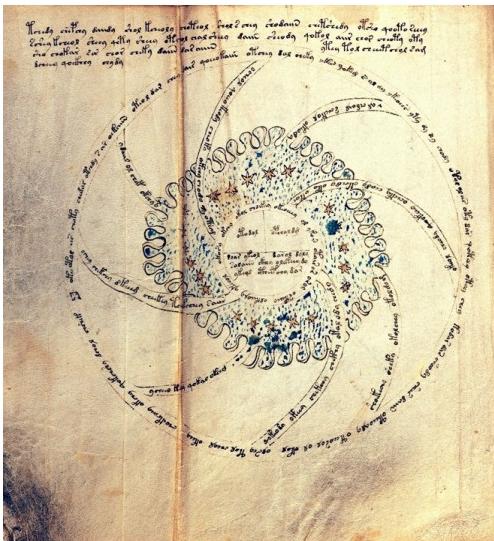
Speaking She
Scene: 138.

Now imagine to an image a
painting of green sulphuric in
purity of thought. Realistic fall
back will be up front when the
concentrated will become
consecrated. Never the mind
matter on the platter when the
self same of counter plans will
be counter production
hypnotised.



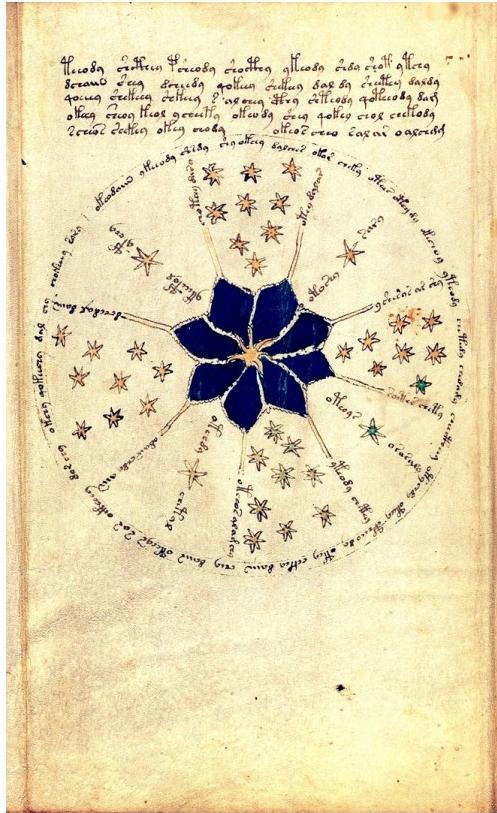
Speaking She
Scene: 139.

There is a hill in the pillow
hollow holed through the green
pastures; here you will think out
the thoughts of no new
thoughts ever becoming old.
Sweet soon swipe the principal
plan and you will find longhorn
sheep swimming carefrely in a
deep blue sea.



Speaking She
Scene: 140.

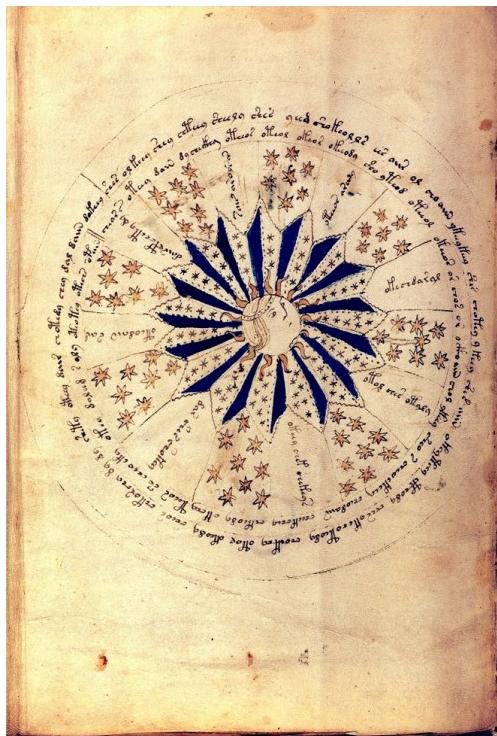
Sun to the moon will play stars
about the house. Latin to lime
to lemon will keep on making
mistakes out of certain bakes
of cake. Little lighter laughs will
go the trotting of the horse
along the shores of frozen
lakes. Catch you will the trail
upon the rail.



Speaking She

Scene: 141.

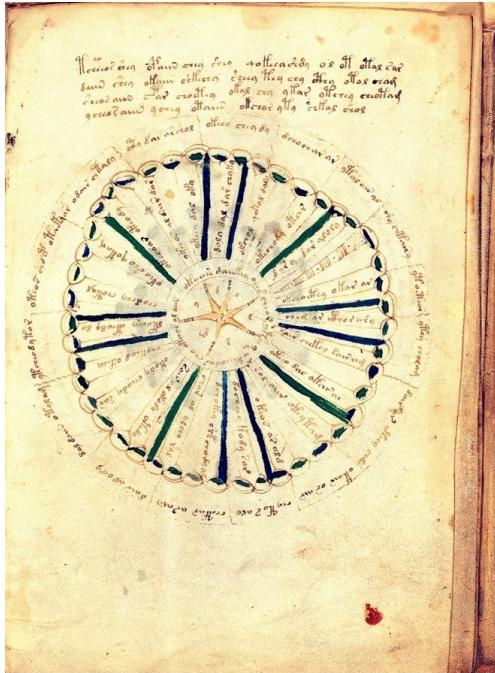
Palm your palms you will over
curvatures sublime; love she will
you all the while. Shift to short
to stretching long reaching
through; she to your smoothing
tune will bathe in a fragrant
swoon. And you in her lovely
hazel eyes will all but have
looked caressingly.



Speaking She

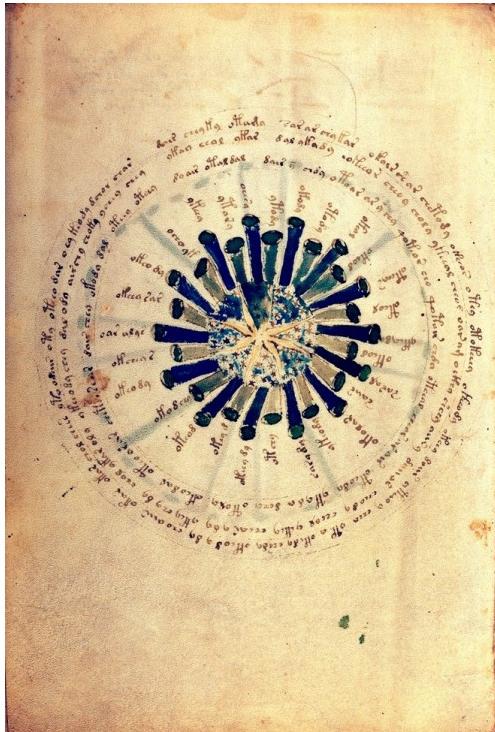
Scene: 142.

Having tuned the harvest Venus
you will to shimmering waves
proceed without having any the
need to take heed.
Cobblestones and seashells will
conform to illusions most clear
with spilling their perfumes into
your itinerary. Place them there
for fulfilling symmetry.



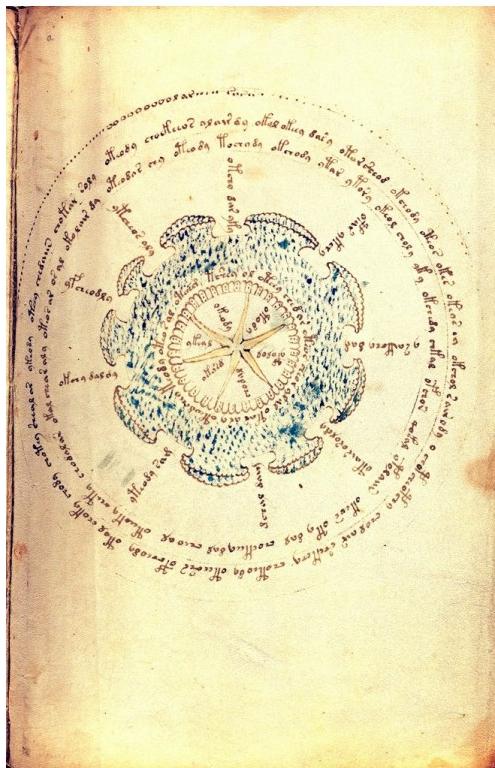
Speaking She
Scene: 143.

Dare to dare the defined divinity.
Break loose of harbours that
require definitive definitions of
reality for reality to succeed
being undone truly needs to be
set aside. Nothing will endeavour
to overcome becoming. See to it
you will that love lost trust
will be refound.



Speaking She
Scene: 144.

Profound profundity will be a lot
of fun. Fundamental happiness
will extend to back over of
besides superseded. Not
everything is of the atom to be
found; sounds ridiculously new
to hear say see. Belong to
belonging to begin.



Speaking She
Scene: 145.

Sideways forward will be the way backwards. Situation earned will be cast into the fountain of knowledge in the garden birds singing jewels. Step to being back to put forward without seeing a way through the subterranean sky. This will be you safe high and dry.



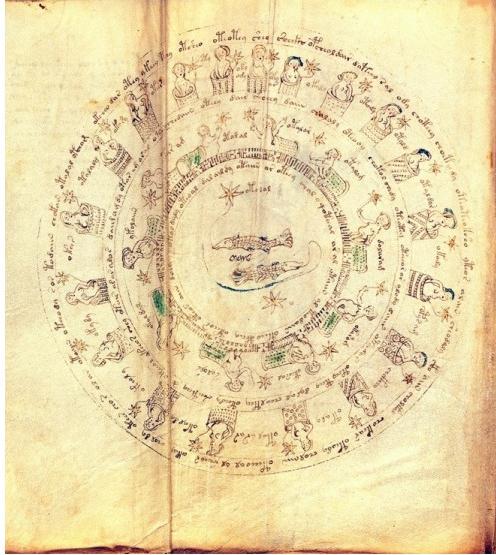
Speaking She
Scene: 146.

Overtur the hills to bring to light the starry heavens of bygone tomorrows. Hold your hand you will in a fashion like unto a bird upon the wing. Anchored to brevity and you will be linked to fortune bewildered. Amass messages of the sages and you will know minutiae.

Speaking She
Scene: 147.

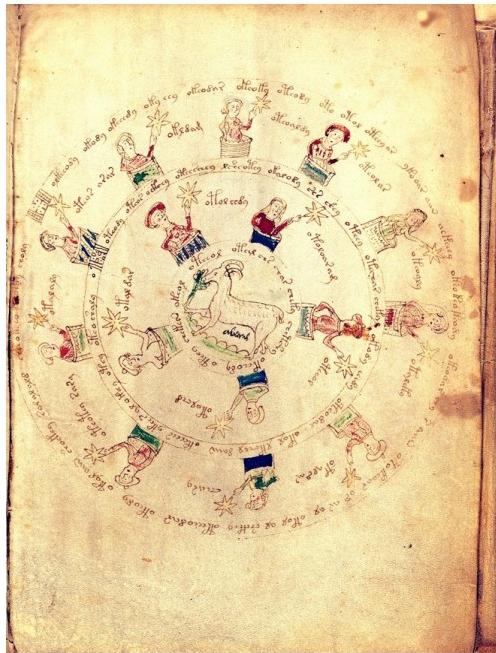
Five times the height weight of
ten numbers crossed by two
folds will give you the exact
location of the hidden obvious.

Don't try to estimate by
mathematical numbers the
spirit enchantment for there is
to be found clarity come clean
through; truths to view.



Speaking She
Scene: 148.

First is the last beginning; this is
what you will find imagined on
the hillslopes. Genuine
ingenuity will find you when you
are but sound asleep in
awakeful dreaming. Remember
to remember you will that
remembrance is all out in front
of you looking back.



Speaking She
Scene: 149.

Fantasy calls along by the walls.
Be of a fearless fear temerity.
Laugh you will; yes, laugh most
heartily you will at the embers
among the cinders. Know you
will the wondrous to be at your
fingertips; your fingertips to be
of the self same
wonderment profound.



Speaking She
Scene: 150.

The rivers are flowing; the rivers
will continually flow throughout
your thought fields of green and
valleys to hills serene. Raise you
will the floodgate to the open
horizon of questions in fragrant
sincerity; not knowing anything to
be anything fixed in language.
Free will you be as
the summer sea.



Speaking She
Scene: 151.

Having hope will be opening
the scope to gigantic minutiae;
bringing the glory of the storm
in the morning into the palm of
your hand. Hasten slow
learning to fast recovery will
the out of date hidden
for the ages be.



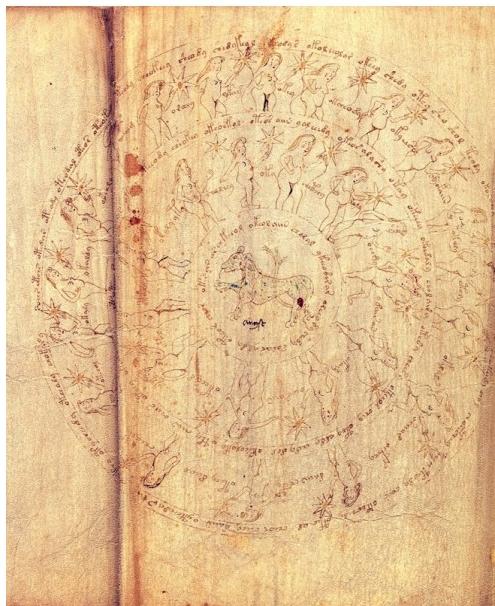
Speaking She
Scene: 152.

Far from far all will be the fall of
the golden cliff hanger.
Surprise to plenty will be the
archetype of the harvest sown
in spring clime days of winter
come autumn roll. Magnify the
high low and the low high
will be all around.



Speaking She
Scene: 153.

Jump to the camp in the desert
vanguard producing stylish
feathers in newly formed leather
weather. Brace yourself you
will for the fox fly flying about in
reverse; make a mistake and you
will be mistook to be
misunderstood the fly sting
on the rye.



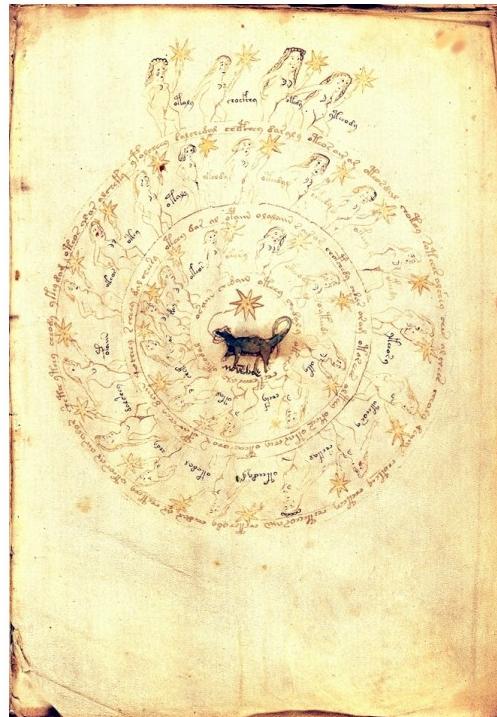
Speaking She
Scene: 154.

Remember timber in the
scorching ground will be found
to have ripened rich clay to the
landscape moon. Don't walk
along a path that will hook itself
about into a forest green spade
of blade laid too low to behold.
Nothing has everything within
itself contained; suspended
therefore the rain.



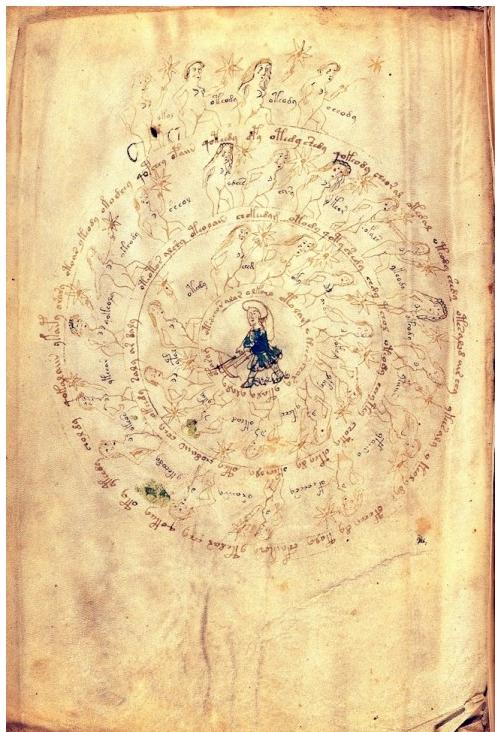
Speaking She
Scene: 155.

To tell tell told you will need to
be bold cold to warmly soothing.
Having nothing will be having
everything; everything with
nothing at all of anything left
out. Mention you will cream in
the riverbed slept still making
spill to the thrill. Wind winding
windy mill.



Speaking She
Scene: 156.

Divulge counterfeit you will
when the shoe fits two sizes by
three too small. Maximise the
fountain in the sun and the
trees will be flaming gold
crucibles in spring noon.
Elevation to what explanation
will you be transformed into
ether neither either.



Speaking She
Scene: 157.

A plain plateau will open up in the valley floor. Honeybees and butterflies will be coming and going there; see to see them you will. Now to forever will be lost in a past future present. Making sure you will to find fresh fruit in the orchard pavilion.



Speaking She
Scene: 158.

All times all will be a minus times a few when the new will give way to coming right on through. Various to verity will be in the same difference when the pigeon dove owl with the eagles on high will fly. Something else this scene will be to see.



Speaking She
Scene: 159.

Register registration in the
midst of high level concentration.
Build you will a tower tunnel in
an oval underground; down there
there will be no sound. Sleep
will come when the eyelids of the
morning sun will be in the
midnight's high sky blue. This
will have nothing at all to do with
you know no.



Speaking She
Scene: 160.

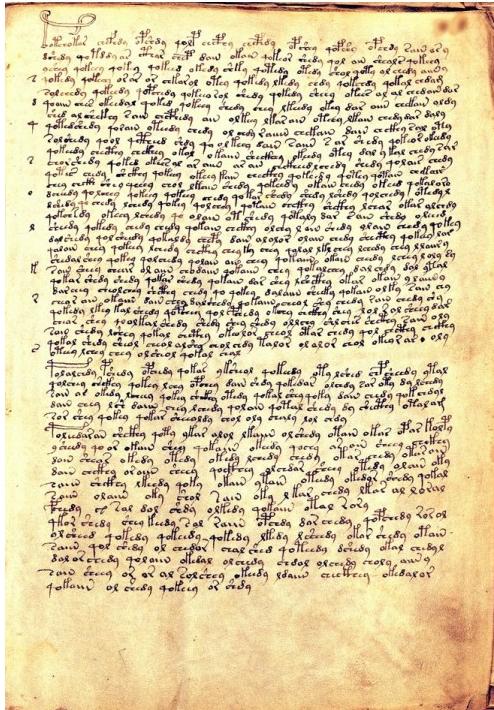
Linger longer under will you the
table in the banquet hall; no one
will have seen you fall. Break
boredom with boredom shone
on the chimming bell; says
something most fortunate to
tell. Standing by the garden
gate will you be enjoying
succulent strawberries.



Speaking She Scene: 161.

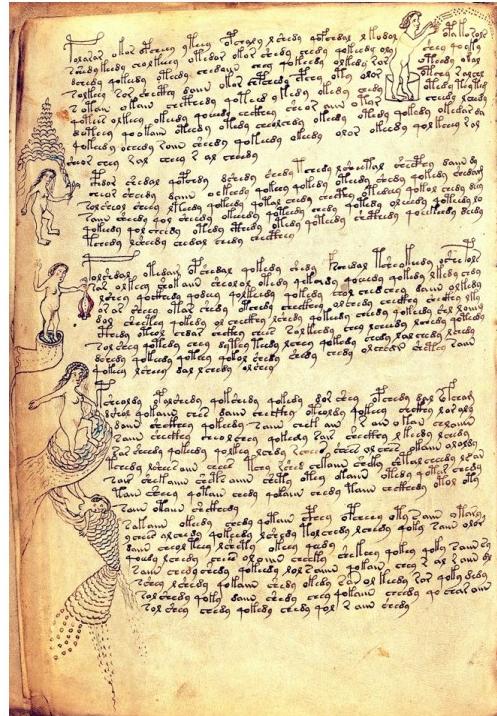
Now now to now then when will
the autumn marshland become a
desert pasture? Control the
fidelity and the fidelity will be
exhumed to presume carefree.

This will be a misplay of an
ancient old to new future ever
malady. Let be; let it be for it
could well be just the purest
of stupidity.



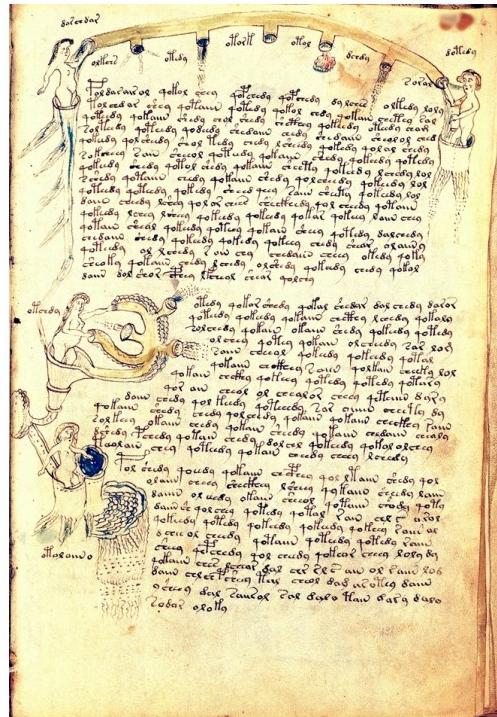
Speaking She Scene: 162.

Door open the openings;
window the shutters for the rain
is coming up through the down
pouring ceiling boards. Fishes
will be in kitchens and dogs as
dolphins playing in a narrow inlet
of a bay. No time to live lives
long lost for the hour of the
moment is here found in the
minute of the second.



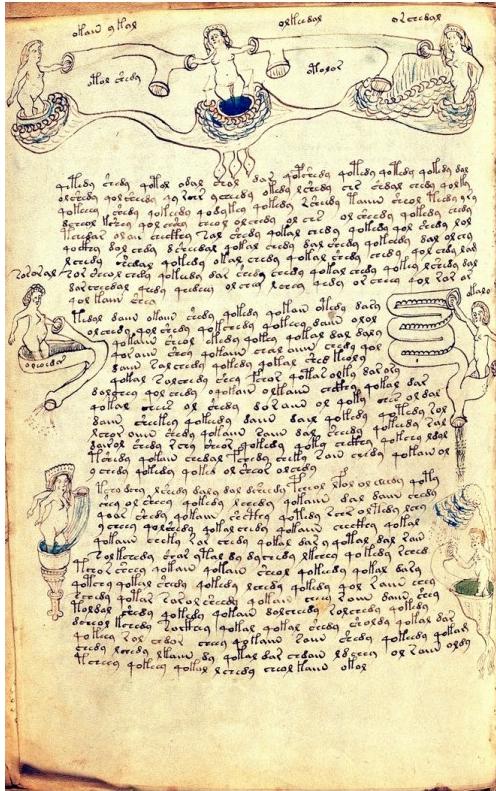
Speaking She
Scene: 163.

Yellow brickwork will be a
cobbler's paradise; think you will
it to be a most unusual stone.
Foam will flow from the baskets
in shoulder trees. Gone will be
the sound of the old morrows
ever making their presences felt
in the already today.



Speaking She
Scene: 164.

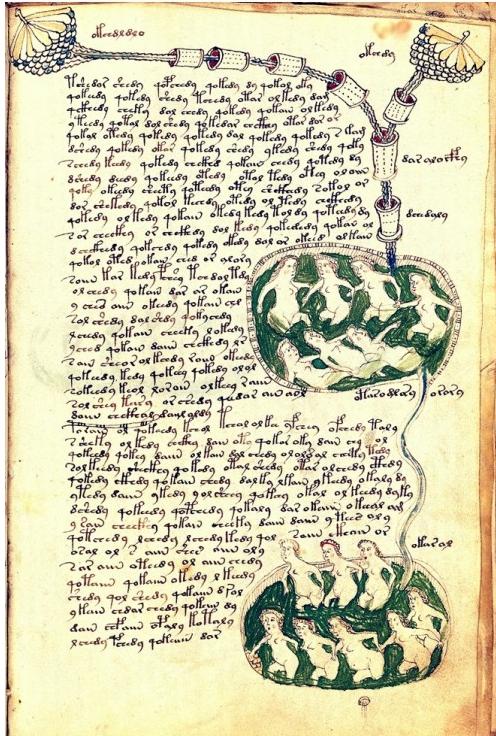
Fling the flung farfetched at the
causality that has no reality.
When the foremost will be seen
to be way out front, begin you
will to understand what it means
to be before the ever happening.
The gentleness of the leaf in
twig to limb to branch of trunk
will cause you to faint.



Speaking She Scene: 165.

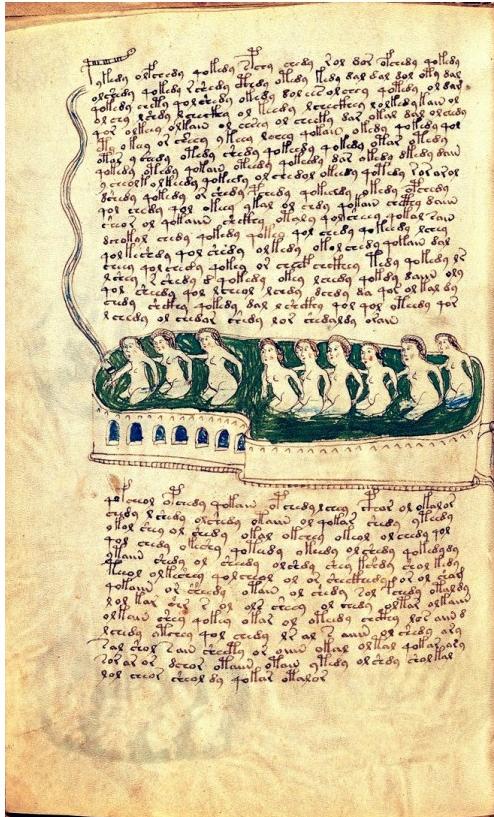
Outer inner seclusion will be
the illusion; wait you come to
see. When what to when to who
will see through the sky blue
starry moon ray then will you be
given to say see that matter is
no matter to think thought feel.

Ample apple tree meal.



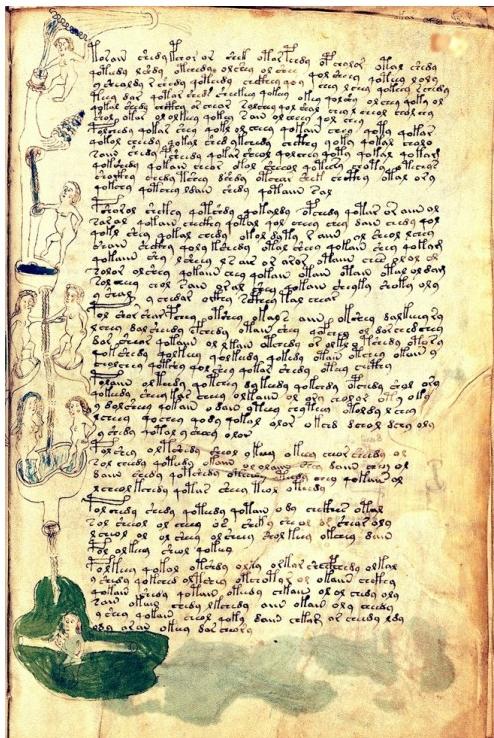
Speaking She Scene: 166.

Thin tin will see interference
in the usage of papered wind
trails upon the wind.
Colonnade will fine time to
search the horizon; you will be
surprised mood pleasant.
Validation will ignite the
candlelight standing still.
Formed form will be
sawn seen.



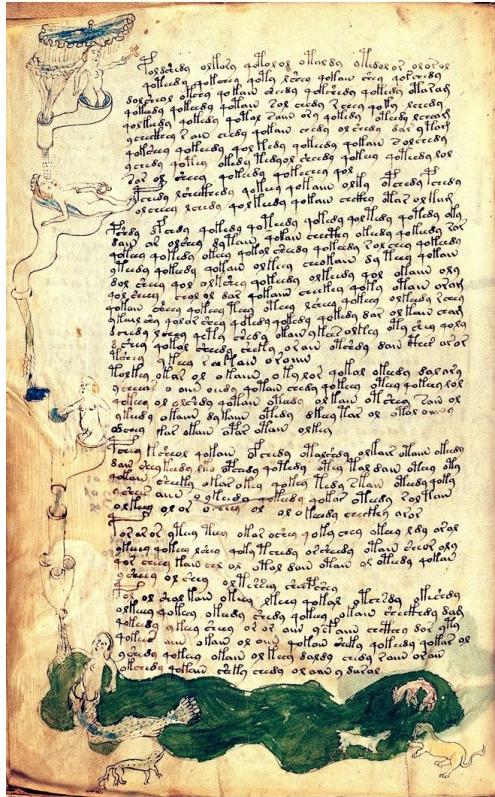
Speaking She
Scene: 167.

Every eventide will stride to
carve shapes on cave walls;
nothing at all will be left to fall
short. Constant attention will
burn like a quenched flame left
forgotten. No one will question
the alternative to soap sanity
wild; this you can be sure will
well satisfy.



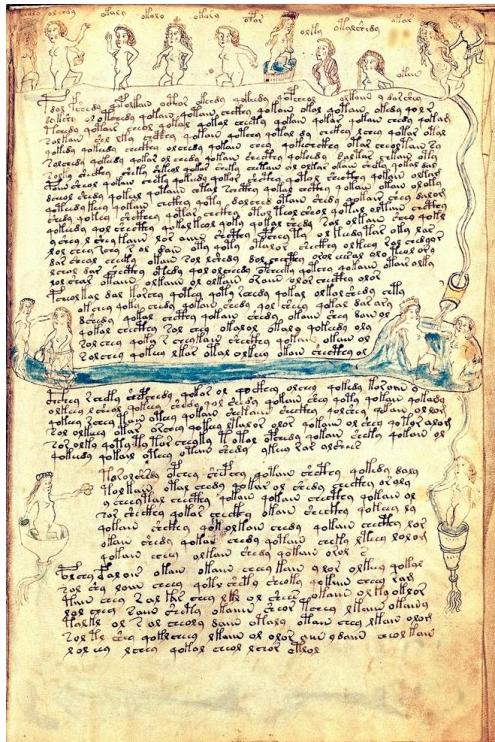
Speaking She
Scene: 168.

Water will rise to fall; sharp
rounds will move aside.
Gathered hayseeds will make
for wheat and barely shared in
equal proportions. After
before after is bound to come
but coming will the same
difference be inside your over
palm under brow tree.



Speaking She
Scene: 169.

Sun will appear on the dark
side of the moon; the moon the
bright side of the sun. Listen
to me if you can; listen to me
for I have the words that you
will write out in plain sight;
mirror image right. No one will
know how soon here to ages
I can happen to be.



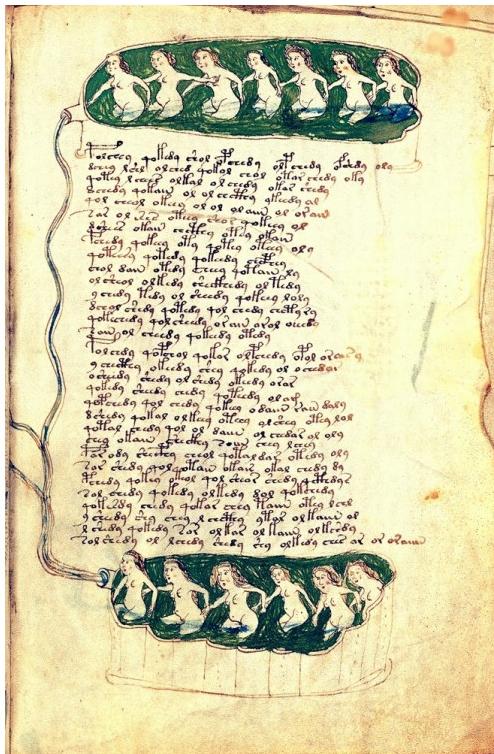
Speaking She
Scene: 170.

Hold you hands like this to so,
like this to so as to tip the
galaxy there over the bay.
Jump to mention will the
attention of the whirling about
be when supersized. Amazing;
amazing, absolutely amazing
will the flute playing in the
down pouring heavenly chute
be; this you will see.



Speaking She
Scene: 171.

Return to the beginning not
existent; fair play the liquid
diamond mined in the sky.
Seek sought find when the
back of the behind future is
right out front. Little will let
little large come to take charge;
the barge is entering to
lowly heights.



Speaking She
Scene: 172.

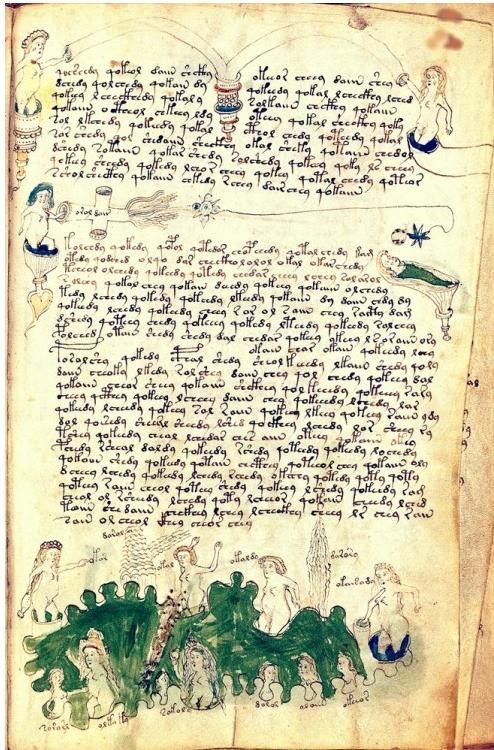
Pale fog will carry the logs all
the way as far as never
departed. The art in the cart
will be the statement of the
arrivals. Make to haste late
should you see the open gate
shimmering in sunshine rain;
such will be the fame of the
dandelion combined.



Speaking She
Scene: 173.

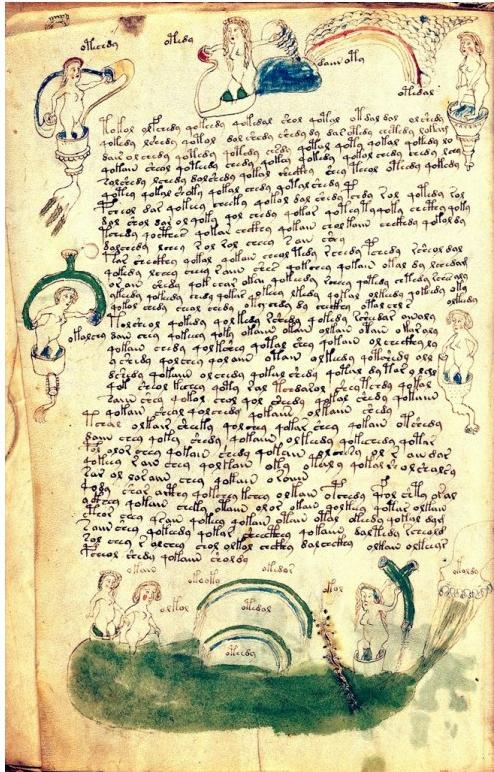
Very slow will the southern
cloud be when it takes to
lagging behind the wind.

Turning with be twisting when
the cessation of the last
movement will be the greatest
improvement. Magic milk will
take the centre stage;
everyone outside will be
all too late.



Speaking She
Scene: 174.

Down the livery of leverage
will become sanitised delirium.
Fragments will part way with
the sun's new moon. Belief
will be beholding to
rationalised reasoning
confounded. Merry the merry
the marker will be the target
of the sweet below high sour.



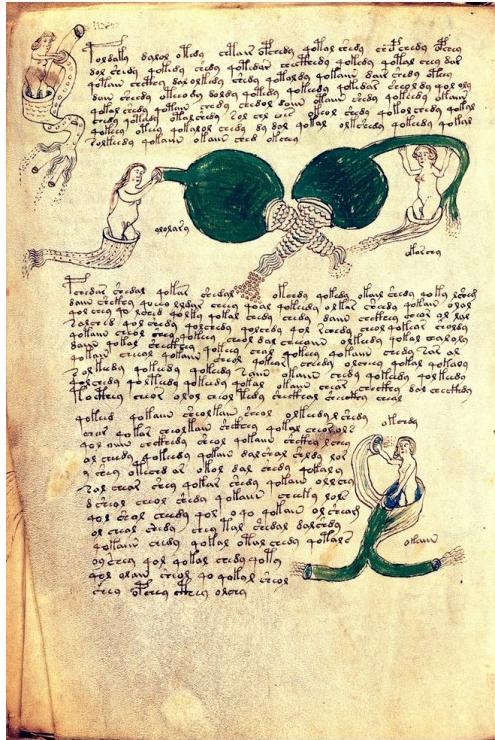
Speaking She Scene: 175.

Altogether all together will
the wind sail the deck cabin of
the schooner run adrift.
Famous nothings will be
strolling along an ant path as
if the hat in the heathers will
be white green. The jungle of
jangle will force itself into
the henhouse.



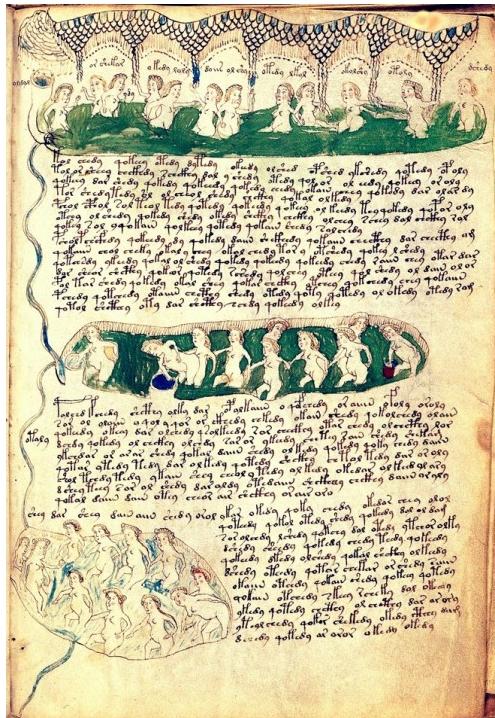
Speaking She Scene: 176.

Let you will be to hear the
contraction of liberation faced
into the centuries old stonewall.
Practice you will your hand at
perfection quite run to hand and
the saucer will be in the plate.
Auxiliary communion will be
transfusion; who, this will be
given to know.



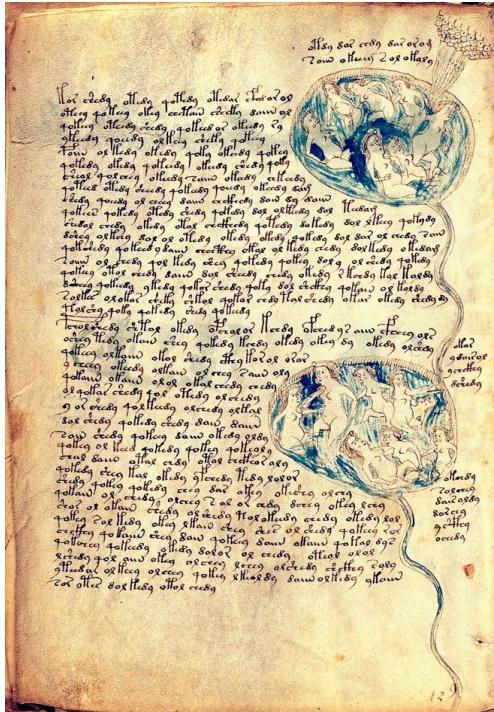
Speaking She Scene: 177.

Horse over hare to the dairy
cow street will lead to a new
kind of earthly care. Long lived
love will compensate the union
of the races when the pace will
be well defined. Marble to
maple juice in the butter barrel
will cause to cream.



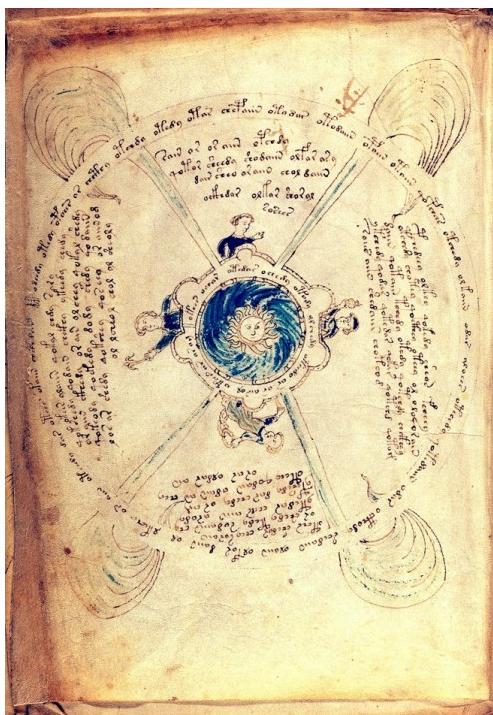
Speaking She Scene: 178.

You will define magnitude
according to duty misplaced.
Bakery to barber will the
hourglass swell into a frozen
lake. Gone will be gain when well
begotten will be best given.
New place to old laundry
welding in the green shed
triangulated.



Speaking She
Scene: 179.

Slate sliding into oblivion will be
a cavern in the hill country. Bats
and cats will fly with hats;
tenderness will compress liquid
granite. Jostling and jingling will
the carriage of the future around
by the corner; most pleasant it will
be it to see. Granulated grace in
the curd paste.



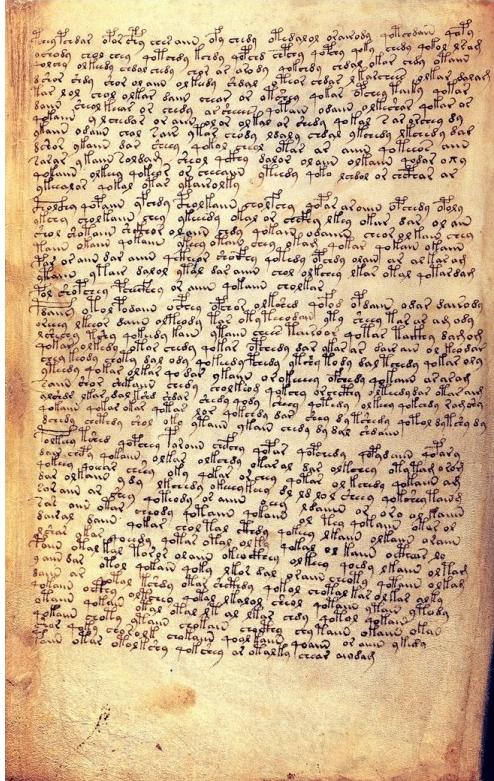
Speaking She
Scene: 180.

There will be cause for
confidence centred union in the
reform of the system.
Variegated belief will take to
the streets; frost in the snow will
level the floor ceiling.
Imagination will first stray into
hypnosis; that will be the cause
of confusion clarity.



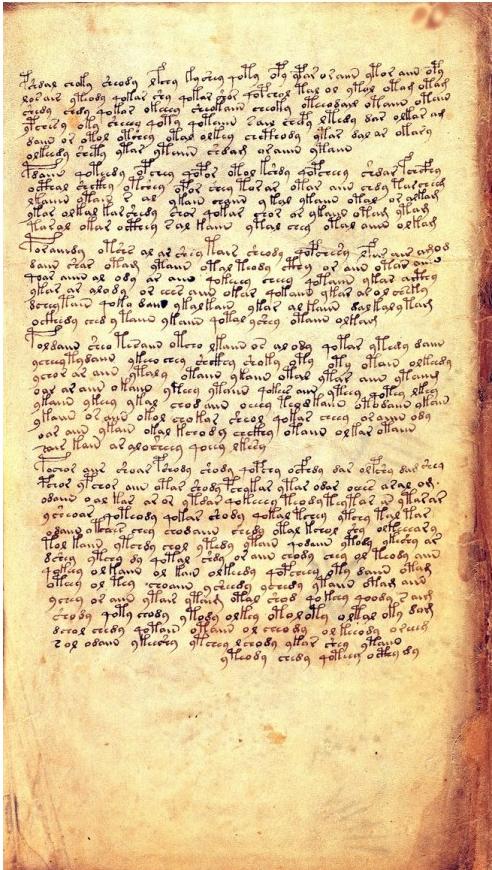
Speaking She
Scene: 181.

May the long length of
shortness exceed vastness in
potential found. You will see
stairways in the stars that will
give way to benches in a park of
pear blossom trees. Soon the
past future will venture over into
the past present realised
turned about.



Speaking She
Scene: 182.

Like to like to love to linger love
to like will be the thought
patterned of the days be nights.
Crystal clear clarity will have its
moments in lattice white fringes
of wasteland turned green.
Formed formation will encourage
truth; truth trust with swans
refreshing in pools of
golden waterfalls.



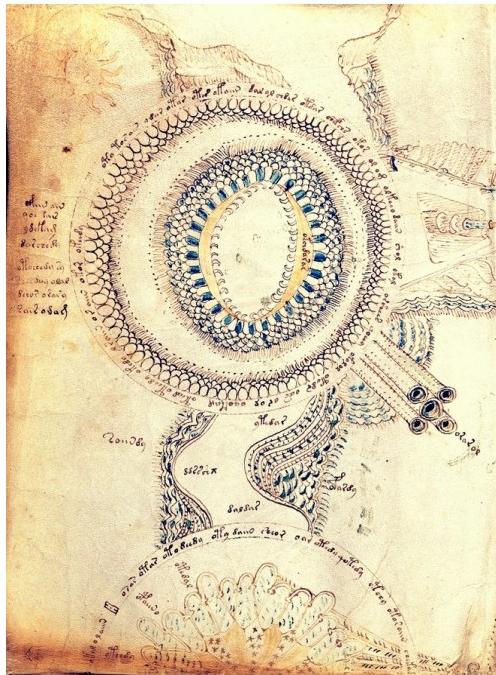
Speaking She
Scene: 183.

Oust the rooster from the
henhouse by dog gardened
shed. Make hay in along the
shoreline of the coast laid
back. Trivial to trouble will
travel by water shaped plant
life. New coming old the old;
old coming new the new.
Who to who knows knew
that this would be fully
known through?



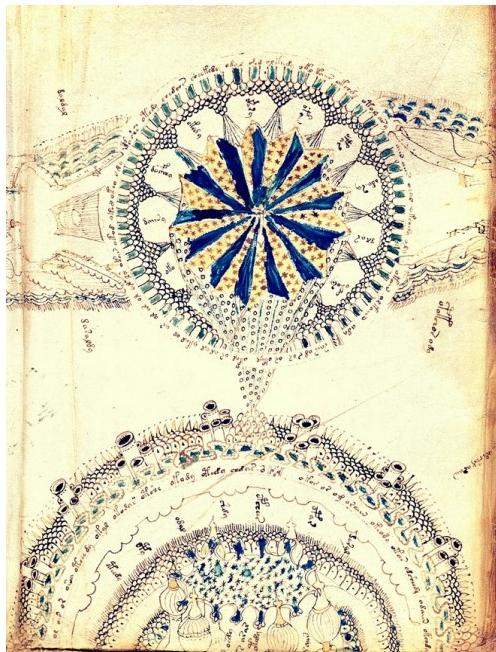
Speaking She
Scene: 184.

Door wide open enter in close;
space between the stair steps
flat fold. Spring will be sunshine
in the bright summer days; days
in the cares of little flying
crockery. Make the deckchair
into a half cast loaf of bread
and the baker will be sailing the
low deeply wide blue sea.



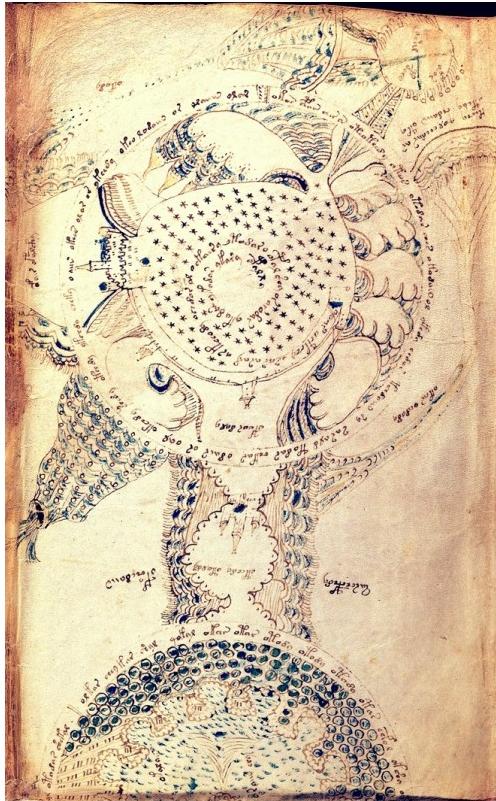
Speaking She
Scene: 185.

Cache the catchment for the
source of the river sea is a
stream in the fountain of a hill.
Blossoms bloom will in high June
come no soon the December
grey moon. Leaves will fall up
from the ground onto trees;
trees down into roots will all first
go. How to who what when this
you will know.



Speaking She
Scene: 186.

Water will well down from the
sky as it would up from the
ground way in the rocky below.
Silver mustard will curl the
windmills of shapes come in
around by the ancient of
ancients new. Back up will be
back down; down wide the
chronical of no time.



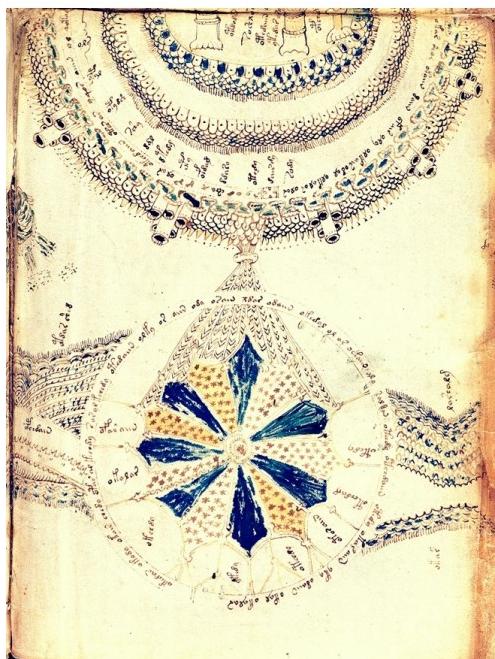
Speaking She
Scene: 187.

Deer in the dwelling will be
hawthorn in the rookery. What
will become of the dove pigeon
in the future of uncertainty most
predictable? Knowledge will be
of the sights and sounds; this will
be perceiving new ground.
Swallows will come in midwinter
come the centre.



Speaking She
Scene: 188.

Sharpness in cloud shapes will
be a contradiction in time
space in the cupboards in the
kitchens of the ancient old
tomorrows. Gone will be the
squares of all circumferences;
the angles will smooth right
round. Fragrances will ever
fragrances be; no mistake
about this will be.



Speaking She
Scene: 189.

Will the well run dry if no water will be in plentiful supply? Horses and sheep will cross the heights of the narrows and deep. Splendid will the view of shifting about below be. Jump to the height of yourself three by two by one; all have gone by anon.



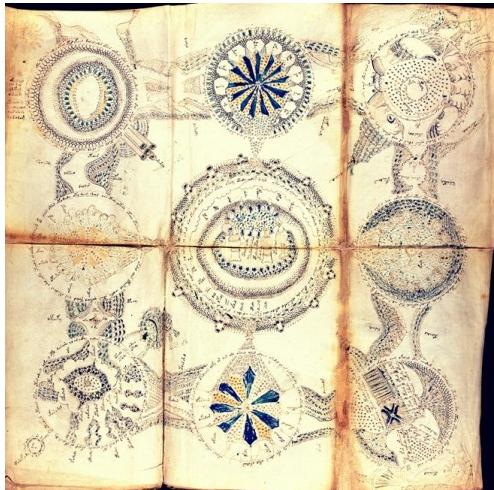
Speaking She
Scene: 190.

Morning excitement in round about planets play spring tune. Laughing will be the flowers growing in the clouds; outward to incomers will they be in welcoming form. Slender trees in full green hue will blossom in alternative realities; realities that will catch flies strolling along butterfly paths.

Speaking She
Scene: 191.

Self contained orb is what this
is; spinning in deliberate
spontaneity. Who to what to
when to how knows well why
this is so and needs to be so.

Nothing it seems from it
without is required; refresher
for all here is everything to
succeed. Question it though
you will.



Speaking She
Scene: 192.

Happening happiness will be
peace in the heart of the
sublime manifold rolling of the
hills. Streams will be in early
completion; forests will have
forgotten to take simple root.
You in a place of sophisticated
simplicity will be; knowing
nothing to everything to be
pleasant living truth defined
to the nines.



Speaking She
Scene: 193.

Listen to learn to love life
abundantly. Mix marked fortune
with eclectic tumbledown sky
stars of day. Make plenty of
plankton in the copper field of
gold; this will be the way to tell
told. Stay with the way of good
profound sound.



Speaking She
Scene: 194.

Drink you will from the future
unknown; this you will hear well
foretold. Assemble
estrangement in a containment
hold to be free flowing from
your fingertips. Barron baffled
will be seen through the next of
kin ten generations removed.
Pleasant to politeness be the
excitement.



Speaking She
Scene: 195.

Uniform conformity will be
transformative when the
yellow seagulls will nest in
forest trees so ancient as to
be ever living. Land was once
a plain of one; this will be
again wait to see in a
pillowcase dream. Warmth
will bring frost to the
heavenly snow way below;
this too to say so.



Speaking She
Scene: 196.

Seven forty eighths will
praise the fourths of the
fifth ninth. Spring will catch
the passion of the reformed
turnabout; winter flowers will
know an autumn to be just
around the corner. Little to
a lot will be the ancient pots
of mesmerised talents.



Speaking She
Scene: 197.

Waiting for a moment to be a moment will be deemed false advancement returned. True home life will be in the wide open plains of valleys and groves. Elegant will be your words when spoken with a tint of the eleven stars come into place. Morning dusk will be evening dawn; place serenity of this will be.



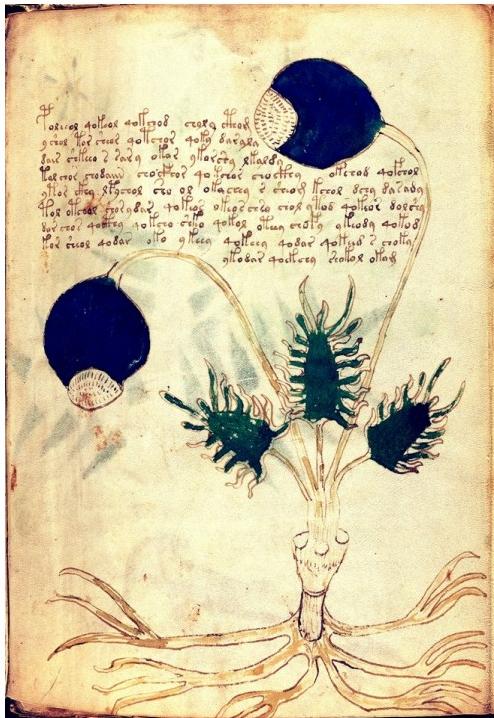
Speaking She
Scene: 198.

Nothing at all will happen to the elevated flatness of the wide sea floor when viewed from the up down below. Foreign familiarity will be coming from the newer side of the furthest moon. Half of every full half true will not mistake eternity for infinity when placed in an amphora of particles.



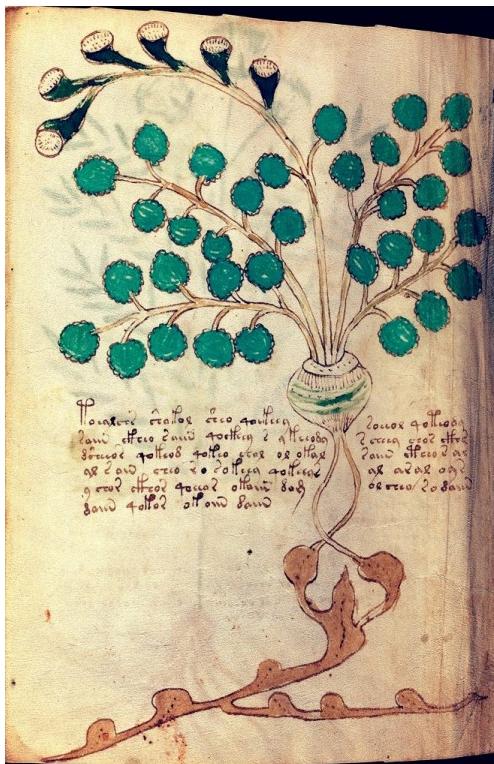
Speaking She
Scene: 199.

Jump to the uppermost point
of the down below; seek to say
so. Groundless gravity will
become drained averages
conceived in a dream quarter
four lore. Stand you will on the
highest lowest and you will
know inside out come through
the living stream beam.



Speaking She
Scene: 200.

Seven placed shadows in the
cornfields will turn to grain
barely wheat self contained.
Memories of future pasts will
be flooding through come the
new harvest moon; time to
come safe through come soon.
Marginalised narrowness will
expand to hands on
experience.



Speaking She
Scene: 201.

Candlesticks in amber boxes
will sail on by; need you will to
be asking why. Bumblebees
will be resting on the rocky
out reachings of eagles'
nests. Nothing will come to
come too soon when a naked
window of the morning will be
seen in late midnight. You
afeard fright will not be.



Speaking She
Scene: 202.

There will be sound sleep to
be had in yesterdays; night will
be in the mid morning delight.
Fast slowness will reverse into
quick ease with the complexity
of simplicity. Mange you will
dew droplets with dolphins and
whales at play in sweet hay
bays of the faraway.



Speaking She
Scene: 203.

Yawning the dawn will be
when you the new day will be
waving to it goodbye.
Breakfast will have seen its
last bite in the lunch about the
landing imprints; someone will
have been already attending
to stoves. Back shadow of
sun bright will bring into sight
a new highlight.



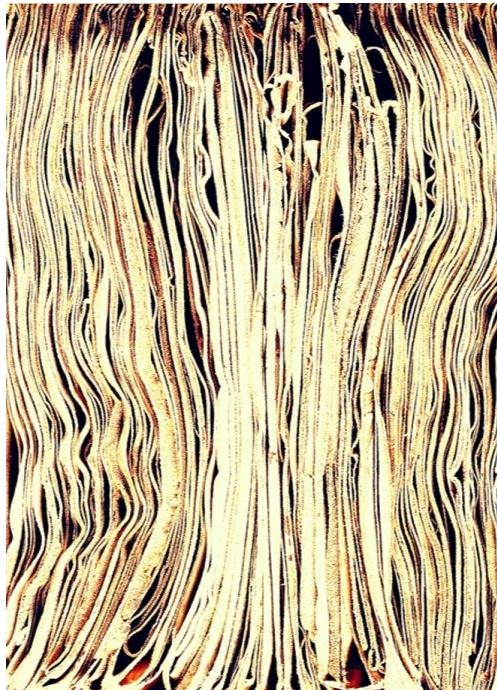
Speaking She
Scene: 204.

Too to two to too three blue;
haphazard will not be in lake
waters standing still to
waterfall; winter will this well
know. Of a summer it will be
told and no one any the wiser
will be; being of the there
where everything to the
tiniest infinitesimal will need
to be known.



Speaking She
Scene: 205.

Heap you will the certitude of sustainable cosmologies packed in glutinous ideologies. Comfort to pardon; pardon to margin will be the first emergings of extinct existences seen to be true.
Keeper will you be of the well to hitherto well kept secrets concerning fathoms below depths surfaced on high.



Speaking She
Scene: 206.

Chance to dance will be the new romance fallen into love on high. Green to yellow gold silver from of old will from the future unfold. Chiming chimneys will smoke the rafters to the floor; will need to open the widows to the door.



Speaking She
Scene: 207.

Sagely sagaciousness will
stop being itself when the sky
makes a self of itself to you
known. Building small talk will
be reinforcement surrounded.
Blank exile will be of a style
and no one at all will know why.
Chandeliers in the foyer by
the river blue will spin off to
the sunny moon.



Speaking She
Scene: 208.

Bright to brought bright will
be the light lifting the morning
star. Wind by the petal boards
will be floating in free mode.

Amazement upon your
countenance will be with
strawberries in the musical call.
Bewilderment will have no
expense; for two by two to
three will be content.



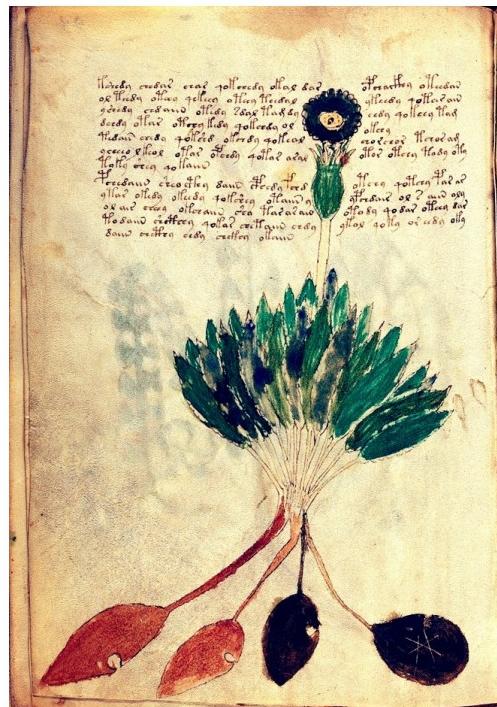
Speaking She
Scene: 209.

Think to thought; thought to
ought and the afternoon of a
ten thousand year old morning
will be entering the story. Long
length to short entanglements
will outdo the ridged mountains
by the sea. Clean cloth
thunder will be in the lightning
carriage of three hundred
score wood knots untied.



Speaking She
Scene: 210.

Light long levitation surrounds
the garden wall; collapse and in
could entirely fall. Window
ledge to stile in the mid field
remaining will take the rivers to
the sea lake. Prepare for down
coming uprising; no need will
there to be surprised; matters
will take the tatters.



Speaking She
Scene: 211.

Solemn sublime will cater to
the horse drawn carriage on
the hill high. Grass in coming
into first view will change to
lilies, to beech, birch trees and
apple flavoured marmalade.
Boxed in will be boxed out for
the down pouring rain will make
explain into the aorta of the
ventricles free.



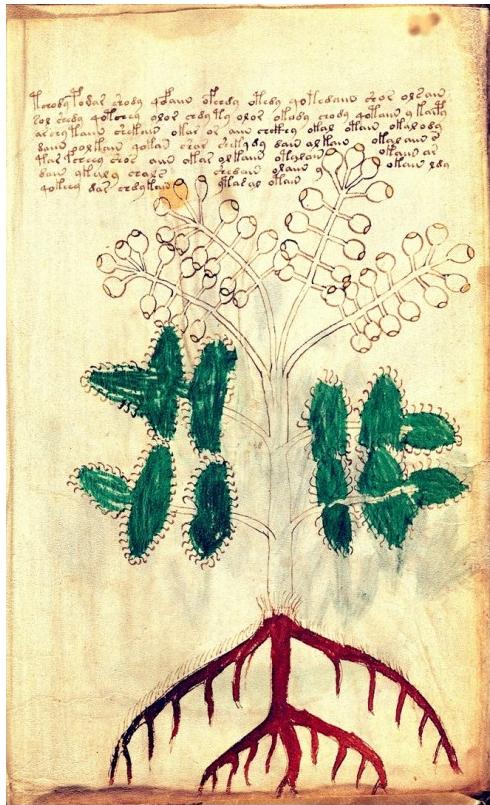
Speaking She
Scene: 212.

Union baffled will make
pancakes in clouds; satisfaction
guaranteed will be with you, see.
Fresh fragrances will be arising
from the starry heavens; the
landed soil will reel in blooms
dripping from the slight of
nuance when melted in the
crucible pot. Nothing more is to
be made of this whole lot.



Speaking She
Scene: 213.

Place providers will amount
to dividers; milk in a vase will
be cast into the forgotten
well. What will become of
what can tell will you know
by heart of note. Code the
poet the philosopher set to
shame; this is no game
all the same.



Speaking She
Scene: 214.

Flowers in May will be flowers
in autumnal day of mid winter;
sure your are to be of the
center. Desert dunes will bring
no ruins; concrete slab the
backbone reassured. Water in
the sky land with day in the
night; night in the day;
no divide.



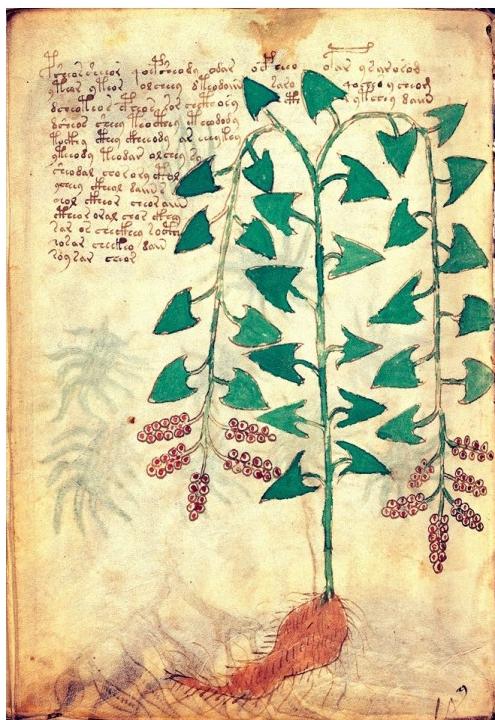
Speaking She
Scene: 215.

Coins will jingle in the jangle
along purses; freed people will
be captured again; only then it
will be by their own hand. Soft
shaping will produce hidden
conversations. The so-called
Alpha Omegas will not exist in
the teakettle teacup; yet will you
from it be able to sip suck.



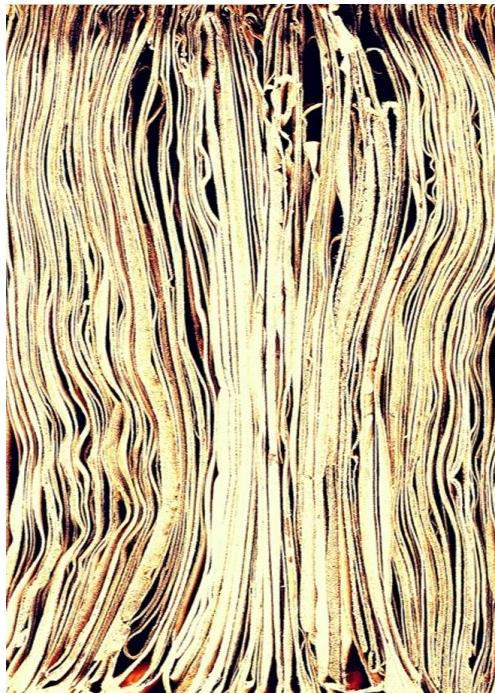
Speaking She
Scene: 216.

Familiar familiarity will
compensate for unusual
irregularity in the heart of
anomalies. Not in a million
years days of an hourly
morning will you be able to tell
the difference; confided.
Ample adeptness will see it
through no matter what you
will attempt to do.



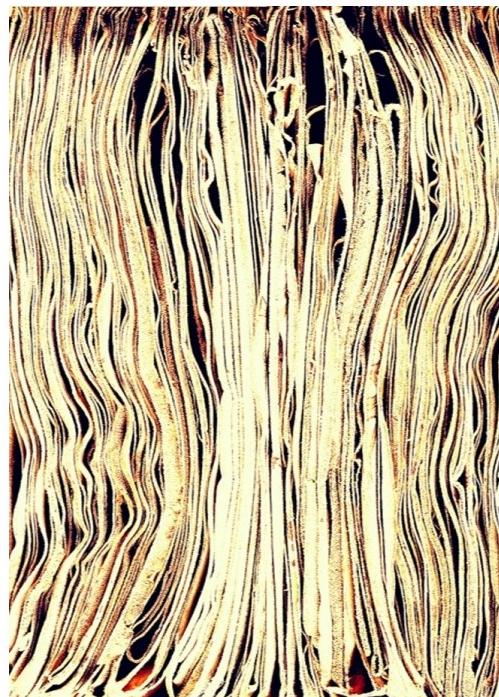
Speaking She
Scene: 217.

Ink tank will plant itself in the middle of the wheat fields in circumferences circled. Bamboo into talk will come soon; making straight clear the given need for sway. Delicious illusions will vie for places in the auditorium of the great surround; talking away to the wall will it be.



Speaking She
Scene: 218.

Ringlets of rain droplets move around in compound frequencies humming nice and low. Scattered confusion will come to a conclusion with the afternoon sunny showers. Laughter will be the focus of comeback reinvention.



Speaking She
Scene: 219.

One to two fifths is mismanaged exploration. Half full of empty; half empty of full who will believe that such a tripod could be possible? Kinder filters will be skilled artists; pleasure made simple. Shine you will on the inside of out over come all the way round to back beginnings.

Front found.



Speaking She
Scene: 220.

Strange estrangement will be following through in the June of July September August moon. The sky in the night will be that of the day; the patterned forests will be strolling in the seas. Mystery to mystery to mystique reality will be played high low in tremendous finality.



Speaking She
Scene: 221.

Watch out for the tremorings
in the undersea island of the
summer sun. Make cleaning
cleanliness a top priority to
the minor key ford. Strong
accord will be in the dust
blown along by the wind in the
heated morning. Gate to the
place the cat is snoozing on a
white shoe wall.



Speaking She
Scene: 222.

Pools of water will the sky
clear reflect; magic will be in
the contemplation of writings
in ringlets three to sound
round. Stones to stones in
clay baked long to the billions
of years; that will seem to be
but a day to the hay in the
shelved paradise of a swan
playing with a heron.



Speaking She
Scene: 223.

Clouds in the mounds will be
found to be sound evening
frost. Similar to same evenness
will be discovered underneath a
fallen up to down wave of the
emerald sea grove. Plastered
pottery will be made in the
figment of the eye to be seen
clear to day bright.



Speaking She
Scene: 224.

Fast slowness will form in the
clock of ticking no time at all.
Milk froth will be tumbling over
the falls in the watery ocean
night. Sometime to sometimes
never will the fish be making
their way back into the fountain
wells; someone to someone this
will sincerely tell.



Speaking She
Scene: 225.

Turn the turned completely all about and the ring rang rung will cease to standstill. The back of beyonds will be seen to be way out front; imagined imagery will cause this to come into being. Wild illusionary transformations will be the least exaggerated.



Speaking She
Scene: 226.

Tranced in dance; the cats are all licking ether shells ringing in the store boards free open. Dogs will to cattle silver herd the wild goats. Unusual stalks will be discovered in the unground snowy summits. Fish will inhabit the rolling moons in orbit about near planets horizontal. This will be the sights of day nights.



Speaking She
Scene: 227.

For too long a long length
has the mind been separated
from its home sweet home.
Restore it to the sensory
realm you will. There to
there will it contentedly be
doing what it was intended
to do: to be thinking away.
As the eyes do to look, the
ears to listen, the nose
scent, the mind thinks.



Speaking She
Scene: 228.

Draft the drifting snow on a
warm summer's day you will;
make whole the numerous
confounded. Hospitality to
honour will be the shimmering
meandering pathways among
the stars. Listen to learn
what is right; to right taken
aback to no pretence.



Speaking She
Scene: 229.

Time is time but in time's words; no thither to tother is it understood. Nothing to like in everything worthy has none of it at all to do with time.

Measure magnitude then to be in full centered equilibrium.
Yield to field green gold told wildly warm.



Speaking She
Scene: 230.

Clay bed to rock laid said; no bed could be so to the human form. What to when thought will the fly away sunrise cross the summits of your brow. Frailty to frivolity scenery will take its place in the netting of the wide seashore; nothing no more to light the floor.



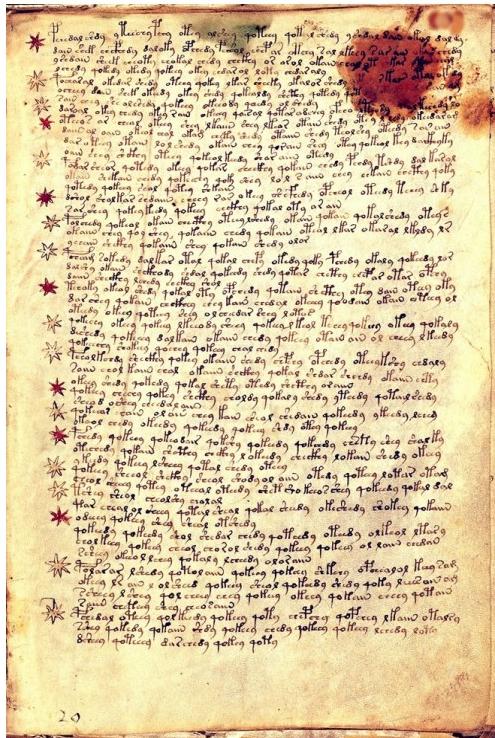
Speaking She
Scene: 231.

Autumnal summers make for
springly winters; how came to
come true this is coming to
be. Lift left life love foretold
will be to so bold; gentleness
in all things feeling will fine
their comfortable reason.
Tall windows in plain seen
saw will arch the mildness of
lazy delight.



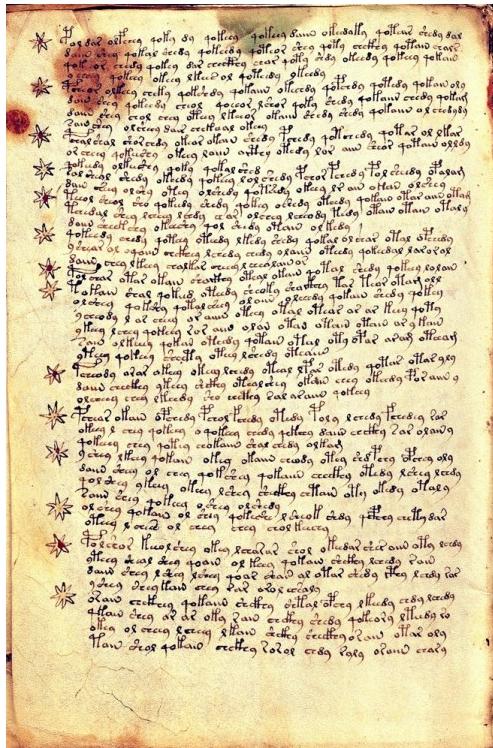
Speaking She
Scene: 232.

Tired to sleep fall will tell;
apples will blossom in August
and ripen in April. Neither of
nought will be sought when
caves become inverted; bats will
be dizzy with the sudden change
upside down about seeing out.
Laugh you will with child like
delight to see rain droplets
circling the sun.



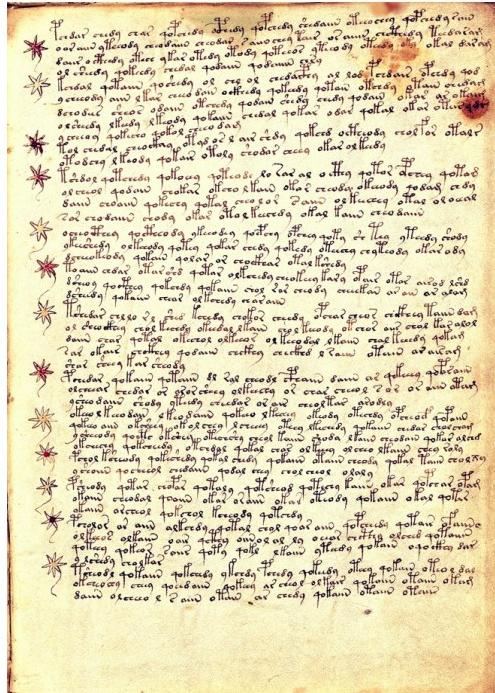
Speaking She
Scene: 233.

Smile to the heavens of morn;
the heavens of eve and the
heavens of heavens. Sprinkle
slow sand dust in the wind upon
the shore; you will become
joyful all the more. Accustomed
to backward looking will give
way to forward seeing; for
forward going see is where you
are meant to be.



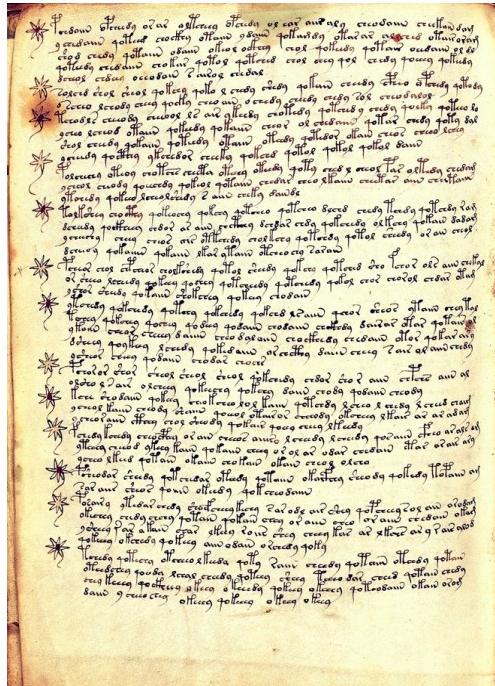
Speaking She
Scene: 234.

Enter into you will the world of
which already has been; has
been in the up ahead. Marvel to
wonder to custom still will the
rainbow be boating upon
turbulent waters. Makeshift
pontoon will rescue the moon;
the sun will be bathing in
fragrant spices.



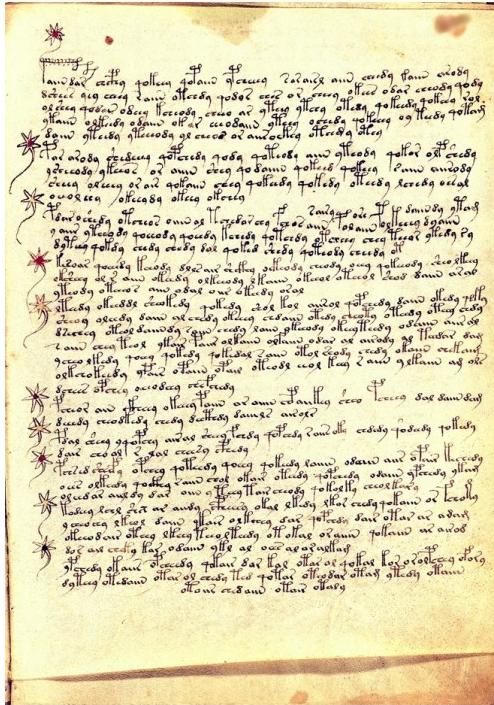
Speaking She
Scene: 235.

Know knowledge will be baked
in three squared circles; find
them you will in the isosceles
triangle. Not to know will to you
be to know; to know not to know
will be frightening away airy
flocks of crows. Move
independent you will of hitherto
outdated futures.



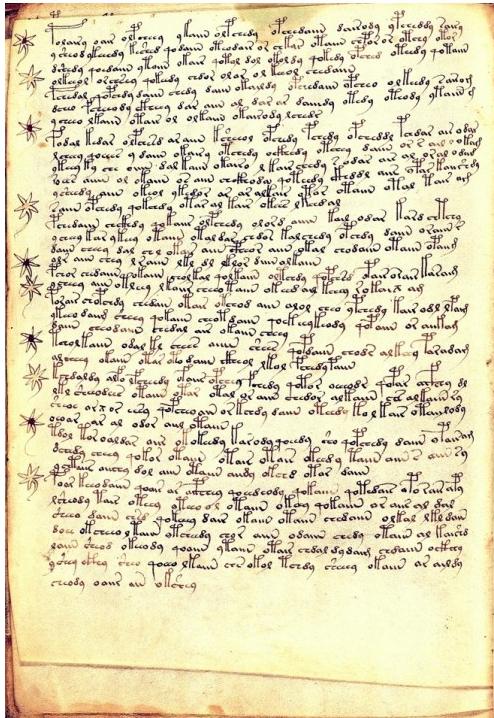
Speaking She
Scene: 236.

Place the palms of your hands
here on the eddies of the river
running free to the wide
welcoming sea. Tickle feel you
will the movements of galaxies;
knowing them to be leaping in
clear onward flow: jinglingly
janglingly lunglingly along
among the myriads.



Speaking She Scene: 237.

Old newness has habit of
becoming new oldness; stand
on the bridge of no time. Help
will be coming to the bubbles
in the streams; fishes will be
contented to the trees.
Extraordinary will be the
ordinary everyday night
exception.



Speaking She Scene: 238.

Click the clack dome in the roof
of the air free cave. Better to
longlisting will the floral
arrangement on the pedestals
of ancient oaks be. Fair will
blow the breezes as will be felt
seen in an early dawn
spectacular dream. Feathered
wings be clouds; clouds
feathered wings.



Speaking She
Scene: 239.

Wait to want; want to wait by
the autumnal spring gate. Lift
your feelings you will to the
ceilings of the endless starry be-
wides. Move you will the
curtains back to wall ties
unseen; nothing will be left to
lost happenings to become.

Run you will along the alleyways
of rivers and streams.



Speaking She
Scene: 240.

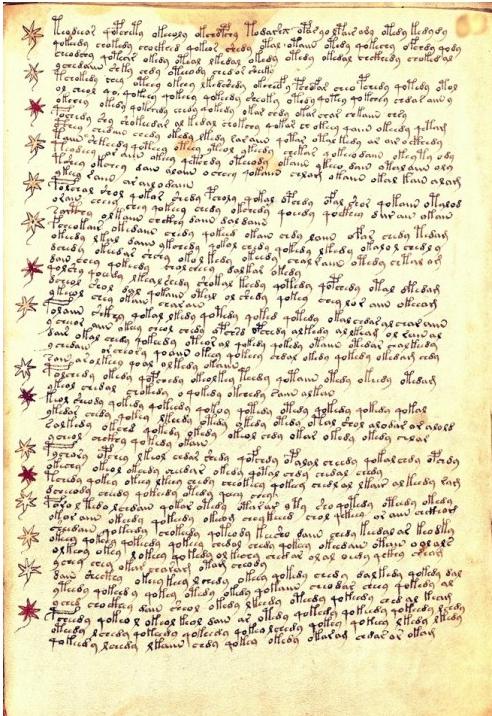
Fire to flame two by two to
three fourths will consume the
lightning off in the high sky
low. Rapid will be the
realisation that conformity to
validation well founded will be
completely surrounded.
Foretold initiatives will be
in the ditches.

*Speaking She
Scene: 241.*

Run along; run along a long winding road you will until you reach a hill; a hill that will tell spill. After the unusual will come the usual farfetched still to away removed. Glass handled hallmarks will be shinning on in through; nothing will be old new.

Speaking She Scene: 242.

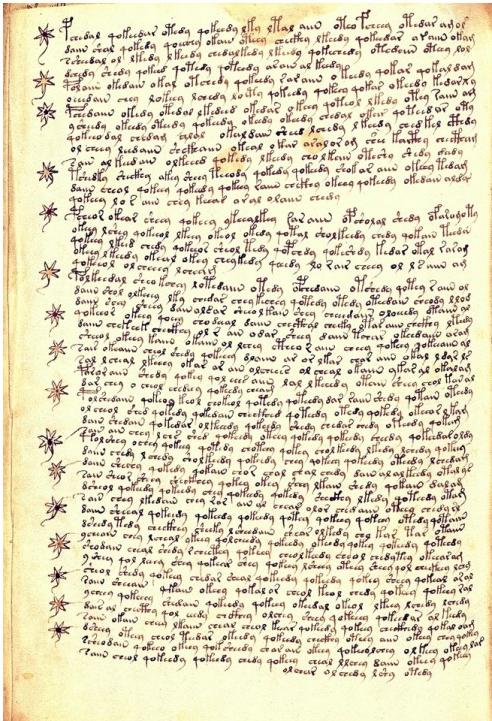
People to animal humans will be
the notion of all to reformed
union confused. Fragrant
freshness will from the valley
floor come to mould the dark
rock through. Gained begotten
will not have its way in the
forgotten; memories being their
own most dependable



Speaking She
Scene: 243.

Sound out pounding in the
surrounding of the rainbow
arched girder. Join the ends of
the horizon to find the leading
pathway to the other way round.

Butterflies to honeybees will
elevate the landscape to a sea
breeze. How to how this will be;
in waiting patiently will you
need to be.



Speaking She
Scene: 244.

Zoological zeal will carve for
itself a sea; see this you will
with eyes future to see.

Vibrant colours will be on the
journeying way of the living
moon; not so soon now till it be
rolling in the near over galaxy.
Tall templates will be upon the
board; carpet mat Sundays to
weekdays will be.



Speaking She
Scene: 245.

Clouds will descend to ascension levelling; no one will be able to see the foggy misted haze. Apple art will be grown in the most ancient of strawfruity shrub trees. Misplaced will be found to be in the very best of ordinary company. Find it there you will for yours is the skill.



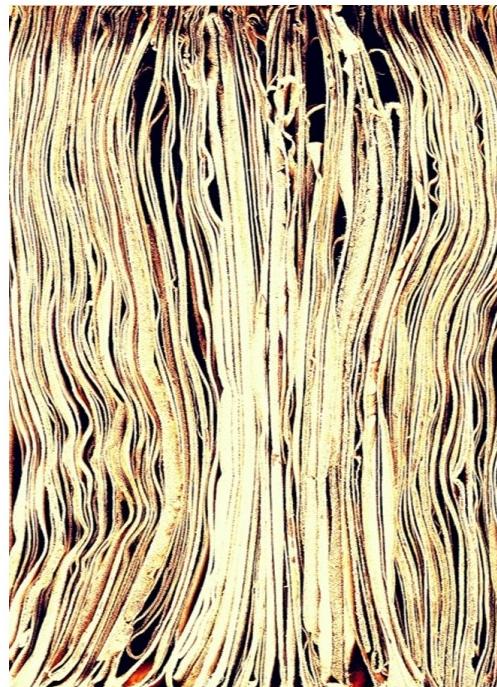
Speaking She
Scene: 246.

Purple pink lilies in tulips will dance; making sweet bitter taste complete. Merry to walking will you be with listening to rain falling in the heart of three tiered molluscs to trilobites. Forming forms are in the future all laid in to be known; known to be known to depths.



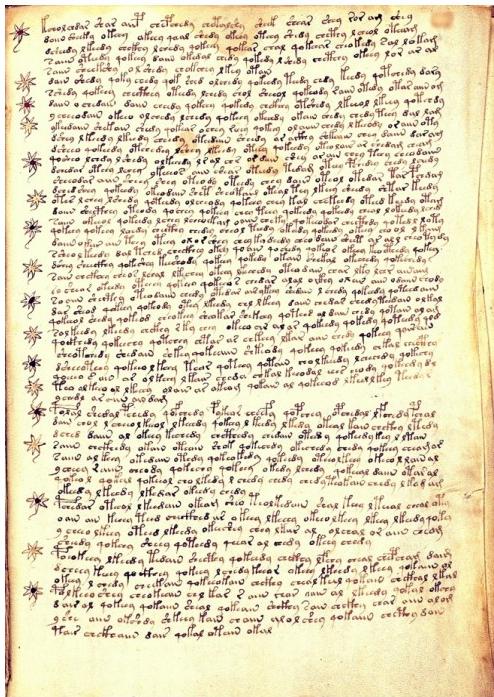
Speaking She
Scene: 247.

Tall heights of low will create frontiers of homecomings long lost. Fire hearths will start to become ice sheets in the midsummer days. Hot cold will replace freezing furnaces; this will be the tell tale sign of the coming forth times. Gardens will be surrounded by life like luminaries.



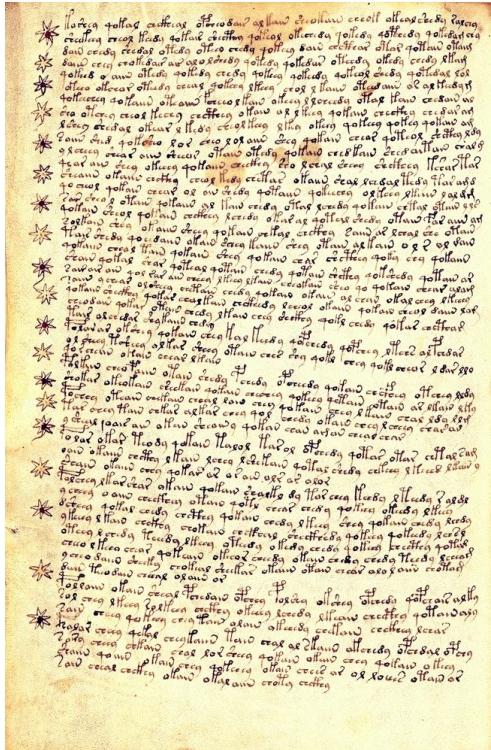
Speaking She
Scene: 248.

Too will be shaped in to to to too. Bridging hindsight will be left out of sight. Think you will to know to nothing will be full known. Amazing contradictions will be discovered in the pillowcase mattress seat bed covers. Length of length to long long life.



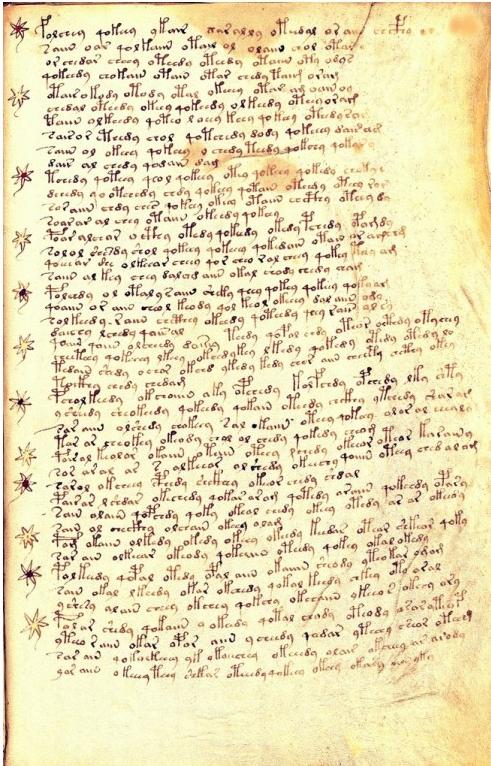
Speaking She Scene: 249.

Strange unusualness will
confound the enlightened of
the cardboard lore. Spicy salt
sages will enhance the plates
of mundane free talk speech
all self restrained. Foxes and
dogs will relax on logs; play all
day they will in fields:
delighting in the differences
and samenesses.



Speaking She Scene: 250.

Imagine you will imagination to
be a sensory activity and will it
will. Corn grasses will in wheat
grains spill over into the
galaxy. Nothing will be left
unsaid; undone for who will run
will sit and stay still till the
moon to the planets twelve all
be of a single alignment with
the midnight sun.



Speaking She
Scene: 251.

Velvet valley will be welcoming a
golden noon sun into its
fragrant depths; night to vision
bright will see the new day with a
hope delight. Sands on the sea
shores will by star dusts in the
clouds of a new life being
brought into happy sights.
Tumble tumble will be the joy
of every day night.



Speaking She
Scene: 252.

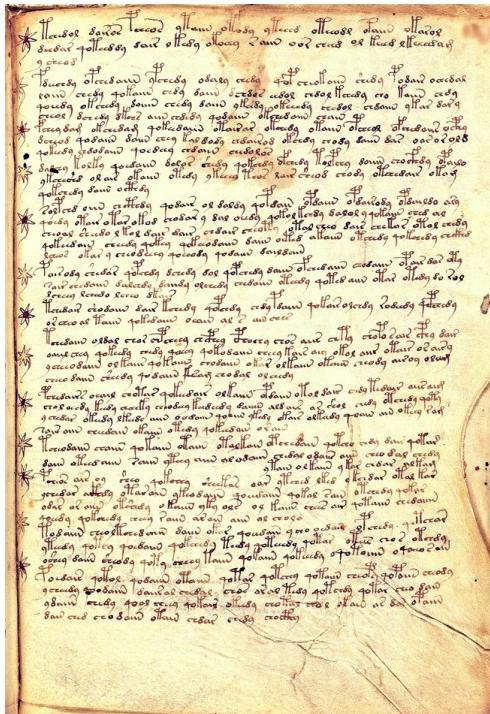
The might of the kite will be in
the canticle of the near five
galaxies spinning into the
palms of your hands. Amazing
to amazement will be the tender
lings of the blossom shrub
trees. Who will to was will be
round in the about fainting
with comfort and ease;
this will please.

Speaking She
Scene: 253.

Five the fifths of six the
sevenths who will be in lake river
surrounds sea streams. Golden
fishes through the air will be in
shoaling away seen; birds will be
ascending the down pouring
rains; this will be in a day of
dream charm to do no harm.
Strong surrender to matter
will not matter.

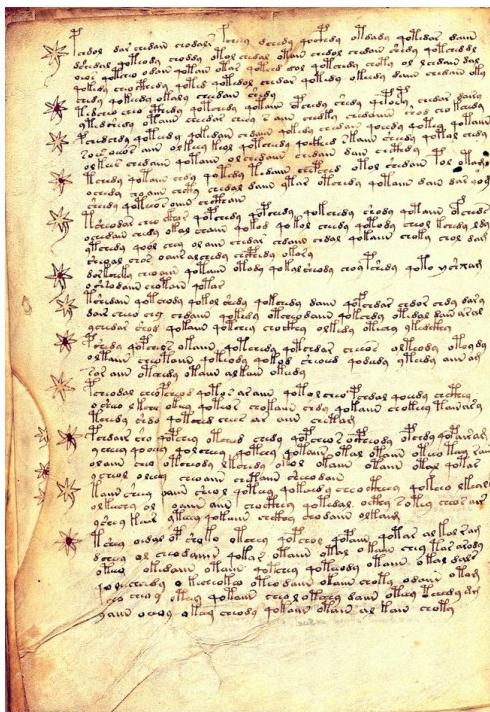
Speaking She
Scene: 254.

Every butterfly caterpillar will
be in the self same life of a
thousand leeways by the edges
of ancient oak forests. Climb
you will a tree like in height great
come the dawning of a new day
to days new coming through.
Gather up the invisible leaves
you will and not a sound will
smoothen out the plane.



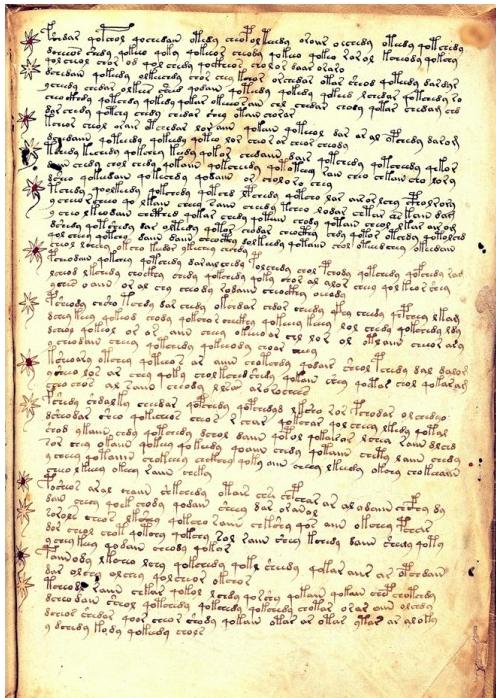
Speaking She
Scene: 255.

Cat sheltering from the misty
wind driven rain will take her time
until it passes. Running
streamlets will be seen to run up
walls as to run down; this will be
nothing out of place ordinary.
Formations will you see in knots
of trees; these will be in the
summer same breeze.



Speaking She
Scene: 256.

Follow through forth you will
with the transforming of what
has been hitherto accepted as
the way things are supposed
to be; the mind will see again in its
rightful company. No long short
will be in the length of short
long; you will need to keep
yourself strong.



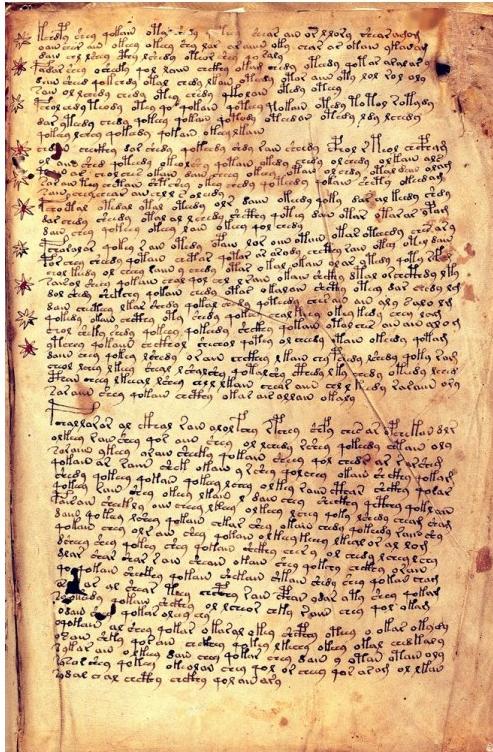
Speaking She Scene: 257.

Water the winter of the summer
sweet springly autumn.
Cabbages will to lettuces fresh
in potatoes to carrots sound be;
bringing to the well waters of life
the wholesome of the even to
equal far be near surround.
Light lightnings bright will dance
up from the planet's deep down
basement floor.



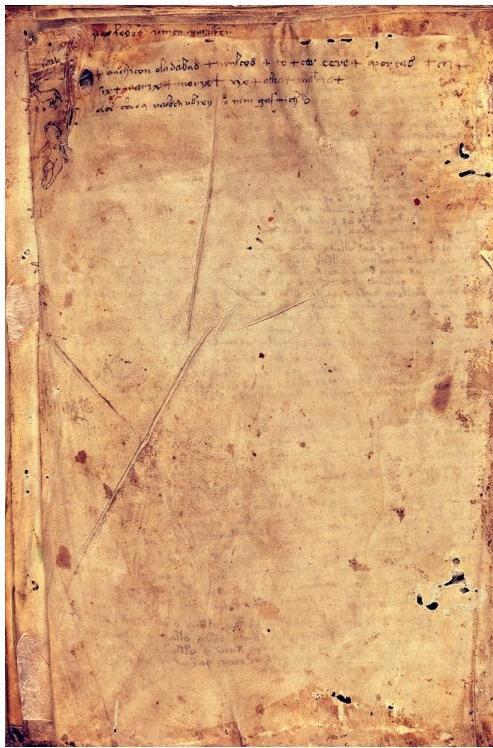
Speaking She Scene: 258.

Catch frost you will in the chill
of a winter's high summer;
fragrant blossoms will float upon
rivers all the way to the
welcoming seas. Whale to shark
to dolphin to seal to otter to
seagull will linger and play in
lagoons of pleasant
togetherness.



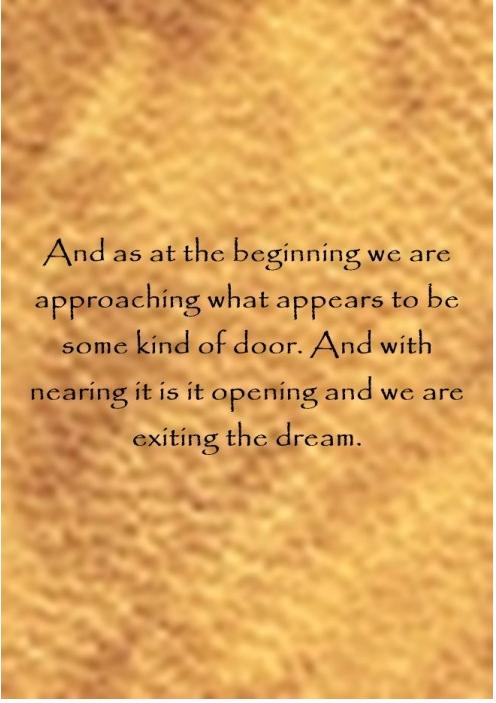
Speaking She Scene: 259.

Dance dance dance you will a
merry merry merry dance. This
will be your very best chance;
safeguard to homeward trend.
Yearning no longer will you be
for a reality that is called by
most to many if not all to
everyone: the past, the present
and the future. In free fall
soundly standing will you be.



Speaking She Scene: 260.

Hail rain the snow; snow fall up
from the underground heat.
Lost found will you be to the
exactitude of the two fold
conviction. Place in place will
be space by ninety five
dimensions by three times
squared. Half of a half will be
superseded by a grace in an
unfounded break.



And as at the beginning we are approaching what appears to be some kind of door. And with nearing it is it opening and we are exiting the dream.



